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THE

MUSE'S MIRROUR:

BEING A

COLLECTION OF POEMS,

Written by the following AUTHORS:

Mr. Pope
Swift
Churchill
Gray
Colman
Wilkes
Lloyd
Thornton
Garrick
Anſty
Jernyngham
C. Denis
Sheridan
Cumberland
Cunningham
Edmund Waller
Julius Mickle
Schomberg
J. Philips
Law. Sterne
Newell-Puddicombe
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Mr. Soam Jenyns
H. Kelly
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Woty
Aaron Hill
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Cha. Crawford
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Mr. Erſkine
Capt. Thompſon
Rice
Lady M. W. Montague
Mrs. Montague
Lady Craven
Mrs. Vaughan
Lennox
Greville
Miſs Sally Carter
H. Moore
Aikin

VOL. II.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

ſold by J. DEBRETT, oppoſite Burlington Houſe, Piccadilly; and RICHARDSON and URQUHART, under the Royal Exchange.

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THE MUSE'S MIRROUR.

WASHING WEEK.

To Capt. George Thompſon—by Capt. E. Thompſon, Kew, May 25, 1765.

IN this, dear George, we both agree,
(You bred in camp, I bred at ſea,)
That cleanlineſs is oft'
A curſed plague about a houſe,
And always met our juſt abuſe,
When young with Mrs. * Croft.

* An old, good lady, who kept a lodging houſe in Beverly, with whom the author boarded when at that ſchool under the Rev. Mr. Clarke.

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But to the beggar and the King,
Clean linnen's a reviving thing.
Yet theſe our plagues don't reach;
The beggar ſtrips with jocund morn,
In ſome quick ſtream, and on the thorn
Spreads out his rags to bleach.

The King, great man, ſends all his out,
Not caring for a ſingle clout:
But what's more happy ſtill,
He's not oblig'd to count the rags,
Nor ſtuff 'em into canvaſs bags,
Oh! no—nor write the bill.

But Lord have mercy on us all!
Whene'er we waſh, all hands muſt fall
To ſomething or another;
For madam ſcolds, and flies about,
Now up, now down, now in, now out,
Dabbing thro' wet and ſmother.

This curſed time all comfort flies,
At ſix ſhe ſtarts, come Ned, come riſe,
And get the lines hung out!
Yes, to be ſure, (my dear,) I cry,
I dare as well be hang'd as lie,
For fear my dove ſhould pout.

Break

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Breakfaſt is got, and whipt away,
(Becauſe the waſhers want their tea)
Before that I've half done :—
The doors all open—linnen ſpread,
The ſky looks black,—come hither, Ned,
Shall we have rain or ſun ?

My dear, you need not be in pain,
It does not look, I think, like rain ;
O ! then we'll hang out more :
When lo ! the words have hardly paſt,
But puff there comes a heavy blaſt,
And all muſt be rins'd o'er.

Then ten-fold comes the peal on me,
You aſs, to be ten years at ſea,
See, ſee the linnen do !—
I ſneak away, to have a ſmile,
Snug, while I hear her all the while.
Calling me black and blue.

From ſuch unlucky ſtorms of rain,
Nothing with me goes well again,
The dinner comes—and cold :
The meat, I cry, of ſoap-ſuds twangs,
Up madam gets, the door ſhe bangs,
And re-begins to ſcold.

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But what ſtill troubles more my mind,
Amidſt ſuch griefs at once to find,
The waſher, as ſhe wrings,
Cracking ſome jeſt—then o'er the tub
Pauſes awhile—and ev'ry rub,
With pleaſure ſweats and ſings.

I hate, I muſt confeſs, all dirt,
And truly love a well-waſh'd ſhirt,
Yet once a-month this reek,
Is more than any one can bear;
But him I hate—pray make his ſhare
A waſhing every week.

ALBANY.

A Monody to the memory of a virtuous Youth, drowned in the Thames.*

AS late I ſtray'd by Thames' tranſlucent ſtream,
I heard a nymph in miſery extreme,
Relate, "Ah ye, who love or ſenſe or truth,
"Join me to ſearch a beauteous drowned youth,

Ah

* Theſe lines were written on the unhappy fate of a ſon of Mr. Wallis, who was a ſcholar at Weſtminſter, and unfortunately drowned in the Thames when bathing.

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" Ah ye, who ever lov'd a darling boy,
" Who've felt a father's care, a mother's joy,
" Give to the Thames your tears, encreaſe her tide,
" And tell a parent's ſorrow far and wide—
" Thames, ancient god, with dank green treſſes riſe,
" And tell me where the dear lov'd angel lies:
" If thou ſuch excellence could'ſt ruthleſs drown'd,
" O tell me where the body may be found.
" Thou God of Streams, attend my piteous cry,
" And ſhew where Albany and Virtue lie.
" That to his corſe the maidens mild may bring,
" The ſweeteſt poſies of the painted ſpring,
" And ſtrew the youth and his untimely hearſe,
" With myrtles ever green and eligiack verſe.

At the ſoft plaints of this deſponding maid,
Forth from the wave a venerable ſhade
Aroſe, with aſpect dignified and mild,
And in his arms he bore the breathleſs child,
Adorn'd with ſhells and coral of the ſtream,
And his untimely fate he made the theme.
" Weep not, fair maid—nor thus accuſe thy ſire,
" The gods who made him, did the youth require,
" His virtues were of ſuch an angel-kind,
" So meak his manners, and ſo pure his mind,
" That he in genius, majeſty and grace,
" Was more of angel than of mortal race.

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" He as a model for mankind was ſent,
" And the gods took the bleſſing they had lent."
At this he bore his body to the grave,
Then wept, and plung'd beneath the ſilver wave.

Ah ye who ever loſt a darling dear,
Bring ſweeteſt flowers and deck his mournful bier,
And while theſe lines I to his mem'ry give,
Deep in your hearts O let his virtues live.

E. THOMPSON.

PLATONIC LOVE.

A JEU D'ESPRIT:

PLATONIC LOVE!—a pretty name
For that romantic fire,
Where ſouls confeſs a mutual flame,
Devoid of looſe deſire.

If

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If this new doctrine once prove true,
I own it ſomething odd is,
That lovers ſhould each other view,
As if they wanted bodies!

If ſpirits thus can live embrac'd,
The union may be laſting,
But faith 'tis hard the mind ſhou'd feaſt,
And leave its part'ner faſting.

"Nature (ſays Horace) is in tears,
"When her juſt claim's deny'd her:"
And this *Platonic love* appears
To be a poor provider.

Long it may preach;—our comfort is,
For all its vain pretences,
Mankind have other thoughts of bliſs,
Than to exclude the ſenſes!

Not all man's logic can perplex
A principle ſo common,
While Venus whiſpers either ſex,
"That *man* was made for *woman!*"

AMATOR.

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O D E.

AH Fortune! wilt thou never ſmile?
And have I woo'd thee ſtill in vain?
And is the mead of all my toil
But ſharper woe, ſeverer pain?

Ah, Delia, faireſt of the fair!
Say, muſt thy beauty only prove
My earlieſt wiſh, my lateſt care,
But ſtill the foe of hapleſs love?

Ah love, on mountains wert thou bred,
Nurs'd in ſome monſter's horrid cave;
Thy tyrant power we view with dread,
Which wounds the youth, affrights the brave.

Hence ruthleſs paſſion, mock'ry hence,
Nor let me feel thy cruel ſway;
Come hours of careleſs innocence,
Return and cheer life's ling'ring day,

Return with all thy ſmiling train,
The gay, quick thought, the fancy wild;
Each infant bliſs return again,
And chaſe far hence theſe tumults wild.

Seaſon

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Seaſon of thoughtleſs joy! in vain
The muſe thy fancied aid implores;
The ſmiling pleaſures of thy train
Seek diſtant climes and happier ſhores.

Let me, while others idly gay,
'Mid proud ambition's trophies ſhine;
Unknown attune my artleſs lay,
Be careleſs eaſe and leiſure mine.

And oh! may friendſhip bleſs the hour
With temper'd joys, with ſocial glee;
May wit, may fancy, grace my bower,
For theſe, my Damon, dwell with thee.

In vain ſhall beauty's artful ſmile
Again enſlave my love-torn heart;
Friendſhip ſhall ward the powerful guile,
And all her milder bliſs impart.

With thee, my Damon, may I rove
Where ſcience points the arduous way;
And leave the idle toys of love
To breaſts as idle and as gay.

Thus thro' the varying ſcenes of life
Shall friendſhip gild the fleeting hour,
Diſpell each ruffling ſtorm of grief,
And give to joy its nobleſt power.

Portſmouth, April 16. ALEXIS.

IN

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IN SOMNUM.

From the POEMATA ANGLORUM.

SOMNE levis! quanquam certiſſimo mortis imago,
Conſortem cupio te tamen eſſe tori:
Alma quies, optata veni? Nam ſic ſine vita
Vivere quam dulce eſt, ſic ſine morte mori.

IMITATED.

THO' of deteſted death the form you wear,
Yet to my couch, O gentle ſleep, repair,
And let thy balmy gifts thy ſuppliant ſhare!
For, O how ſweet to cloſe the wakeful eye!
And while in thy embraces bleſt I lie,
Thus without life to live, and without dying die!

R. B.

DEATH

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DEATH *and the* DOCTOR.

By P. W. Esq.

To Dr. Schomberg, of Bath.

'TWIXT Death and Schomberg t'other day
Fierce conteſt did ariſe,
Cries Death, Your patient yield my prey,
The Doctor Death defies.

Enrag'd to hear his power defy'd,
He aim'd his keeneſt dart;
But wond'ring ſaw it glance aſide,
And miſs the vital part.

Thus baffl'd—Death ſurveying o'er
The dart ſo us'd to kill,
Found Schomberg had its feather tore,
And fledg'd it with his quill.

The

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The TORPID LOVER. *A new Ballad.*

By Miss E. S.

HISTORIANS from Norway their wonders have told,
Of oceans converted to chryſtal by cold,
Where hailſtones the ſhiv'ring inhabitants ſneeze,
And the moment they're utter'd, whole ſentences freeze.

But cold more intenſe in my ſwain I can boaſt;
Nor frigid is he, but an abſolute froſt.
He makes the chill blood in each artery halt,
Till I, like like Lot's wife, am a pillar of ſalt.

Statira this praiſe on her hero beſtow'd,
That he curl'd like a vine, and he touch'd like a god;
But in touchings or curlings of Walter are ſhewn,
The cramp-fiſh and cucumber blended in one.

Old Spencer his readers inform'd long ago,
Of a certain falſe Florimel made out of ſnow:
Were Florimel here, and would take my advice,
She'd find, in my Walter, a huſband of ice.

Whoe'er

Whoe'er to the world, as his wife, ſhall go forth,
Will, at beſt, undertake but a voyage to the North;
For his eyes ſeem the ſtars (or elſe ſailors impoſe)
Which have lighted whole veſſels ſo oft to be froze.

Whenever he ſues for my favour and grace,
His breath, like a ſnow ball, flies hard in my face.
The tea-kettle never will boil when he's by,
And ſtiff in their glaſſes my goldfinches die.

Of ſuch-like petrific materials we make
The King who ſticks faſt to the froſt of a cake;
Between them this difference alone can be felt,
That Walter's inſuſible, ſugar will melt.

Thus, tho' (from laſt ſeſſions unable to 'ſcape)
A bailiff muſt ſwing, for committing a rape,
My Walter (in ſpite of this caſe) as a lover
I'd venture to travel with all the world over.

On

On ſeeing Mr. Foote's Play of the Cozeners.

BY ſacred eloquence, the pulpit ſtrives
To mend our morals, and reform our lives;
The ſtage, a different way, all vice aſſails,
And by ſharp ſatire over ſin prevails;
Or elſe correction gives to every fool,
By manly ſtrokes of pleaſing ridicule.
Foote, in this mode, moſt eminently ſhines,
His wit and ſenſe he ſo completely joins,
That knaves and rogues, tho' touch'd unto the heart,
In reformation laugh away the ſmart.

T. L.

Epitaph in a Country Church-yard.

O'ER the proud tomb let martial banners wave,
And glorious emblems decorate the grave.
Th' hiſtoric genius trace with golden pen,
And raiſe to gods the rich, who died but men;
Tranſmit to future times the titled name,
And bid their offspring emulate their fame.

Theſe

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Theſe, grandeur, are thy works.—This humble clay
Requires no muſe its virtues to pourtray,
Aſks of the good alone the ſigh ſincere,
And, on the new-laid ſod, the pitying tear
Of them who, piouſly addreſſing heaven,
Hope, with their own, his treſpaſſes forgiven.

On ſeeing Mr. Garrick every night at the Theatre.

WHEN fav'rite bodies ſleep within their graves,
They ſay, their ſouls are ſtill attendant ſlaves;
They hang and dwell with pleaſure round the tomb,
Nor care to leave the old corporeal room.
So Garrick's ſoul frequents his houſe of fame,
And haunts the place where he obtains'd his name.

On

On a much talk'd of Marriage.

To Miss ——, of —— ——.

Credat Judæus Apella,
Non ego.——

ARE we to credit the report?
Fame ſays to you now pays his court
A member of your ſhire;
That you ſuperior charms can boaſt,
Than any faſhionable toaſt,
To 'waken his deſire.

Fame ſays, (but I can't think ſhe's right,)
That you receive the am'rous knight
With preference and love;
That he alone, above the reſt
Of all the world, appears confeſt,
The man you moſt approve.

So

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So Fame has ſaid: but by the bye,
She many time has told a lye;
And now I can't believe,
That ſcarce a man below his Grace,
Below a ſtar's reflected blaze,
You ever could receive.

Sure ſimple merit, and good ſenſe,
Without a fear to give offence,
Could never hope to pleaſe;
Poor ſilly ſouls alone we find,
(And theſe from fear) to be inclin'd
To virtues ſuch as theſe.

A *mantled coronet's* dear charms,
Or *bloody hand* to grace your arms,
Could once but hope your favour;
'Tis ſaid that B——'s noble peer
Said ſomething ſoftly in your ear,
That caus'd this ſtrange behaviour.

Since then your friends have all complain'd
That you their company diſdain'd,
And talk'd in haughtier ſtyle;
That Lady Ducheſs, or my Lord,
Alone can hope of being heard,
Alone can claim a ſmile.

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De haut en bas, 'tis ſo they ſay,
Each miſter that comes in your way,
Indiff'rently you treat;
And from your brother's houſe 'tis told,
That you are grown ſo very bold,
Some think he'll loſe his ſeat.

But now, perhaps, to make amends,
And curry favour with your friends,
You, in a fit of bounty,
May humbly condeſcend to wed,
And take for partner of your bed,
The member of your county.

If this be true, then much I fear,
Leſt you, by ſupercilious air,
Should give the knight offence;
For learn this precious truth from me,
Pride and contempt but ill agree
With modeſty and ſenſe.

Think then, before the knot be tied,
If you ſome duties of a bride,
Can decently fulfil;
Think, *Madame Comteſſe manquee*,
If ſtrict attention you can pay
To a plain Comm'ner's will.

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Can you dear quality forego,
The titled miſs, or ribbon'd beau,
For freemen and their ſpouſes?
Can you, an int'reſt to ſupport,
Quit concert, opera, ball, or court,
To viſit at their houſes?

If you ſuch duties cannot ſhare,
Ceaſe, with a falſe diſſembling air,
To make him think you can;
And, for this once, with open heart
Act a diſintereſted part,
In pity to the man.

And now, to prove that you can bear,
Without offence, your faults to hear,
This liberty excuſe;
And, if you wiſh to have it thought
That you with gratitude are fraught,
With thanks repay the muſe.

O. P. Q.

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REFLECTION.

An ELEGY.

WITHIN this lone, diſmantled bow'r,
Oh! let me waſte the toiling hour,
And wake reflection drear;
In ſolitude, the tide of woe
Awhile, perhaps, may ceaſe to flow,
The eye with-hold the tear!

What youth, alas! like me hath trod
Misfortune's gloomy, ſhapeleſs road,
Beneath the load oppreſt!
Alike from eaſe, from joy apart,
From every bliſs that ſoothes the heart,
Or chears the human breaſt?

Alas! how chang'd the louring ſcene,
Since late in grots, and arb'rets green,
I tun'd the infant lay;
While o'er the page of claſſic lore,
I paſs'd the halcyon moments o'er,
And bleſt each riſing day!

Benea

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Beneath a friendly father's ſmile,
I felt no pain—I knew no toil,
My boſom was ſerene;
But now borne down misfortune's tide,
No more on ſilken joys I glide,
Nor dance on ſylvan ſcene.

No more, alas! 'tis mine to heal
The bleeding wounds that others feel,
Th' extatic joy is flown;
No more, alas! my tender breaſt,
By bleſſing—can itſelf be bleſt——
My pity 'bides alone!

Say,—can the feeling boſom know—
A pang more dire can life beſtow,—
—To pity,—not releaſe?
To ſee the wretch with loaded cares,
To feel my heart his ſorrows ſhares,
Yet cannot bid them ceaſe?

BENEVOLUS.

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A SONNET.

On seeing DELIA asleep.

I.

BE hush'd ye sweet birds, and forbear your shrill note.
Nor deign such a clamour to keep,
But stop a few moments, and rest your soft throats,
For here—lies a goddess asleep!

II

Keep off ye pert flies from the cheek of my fair,
And let her contentedly lay,
For if you presume to alight on her face,
You'll wake her as sure as 'tis day!

III.

Ye gods! send young Cupids to 'bide at her feet
Let the Graces adorn her sweet head!
Let the pleasantest dreams make her slumbers complete;
And angels keep guard o'er her bed!

J. C.

FAME:

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FAME:

AN ODE.

I.

O Mighty fame!
Thou for whom Cæſar reſtleſs fought;
And Regulus his godlike ſuff'rings ſought;
What can the ſenſe of mortals tame,
And nature's deepeſt murm'rings huſh,
That thus on death they ruſh?
That horror thus and anger they controul,
Touch'd by thy airy pow'r, that lifts the daring ſoul.

II.

The Indian on the burning iron bound,
By buſy torturers compaſs'd round,
Beholds thee and is pleas'd,
And with a tow'ring frenzy ſeiz'd
Tells them they know not how to kill;
Demands a torment fit for man to feel,
And dictates ſome new pang, ſome new envenom'd wound.

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III.

The female ſpirit ſtill,
And timorous of ill,
In ſofteſt climes, by thy commanding will,
Dauntleſs can mount the mourning pyre,
Where a dead huſband waits the fun'ral fire;
No unbecoming human fear,
Th' exalted ſacrifice delays;
In youth—in beauty's flow'ry year,
Serene ſhe mingles with the blaze:
Beholds unmov'd the gazer's boſom heave,
And takes without a tear her conſecrated leave.

IV.

The hall of Odin rang——
Amidſt the barb'rous clang
Of boaſtful chiefs and dire alarms.
The warrior hears the magic cry,
Thund'ring "to arms, to arms!"
Struck with the ſound, behold him fly
O'er the ſteep mountain's icy bar,
And drive before him ſhout and pain,
And ſlaughter mad, the dogs of war;
Then of his bootleſs trophies vain
Back to the hall of death return,
And brood upon the name, which his wide ruins earn.

The

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V.

The orator renown'd,
Foe to tyrannic outrage blind,
At whoſe dread voice ſtood Macedon aſtound;
What mov'd his mighty mind?
He ſaw the Grecian genius brav'd,
And his own Athens half enſlav'd;
Beſet with woes,
By baſe degen'rate, treas'nous foes,
And overwhelm'd by arms:
Amidſt theſe congregated harms,
He meditates the proud relief of death;
And whilſt the future he ſurvey'd,
Thus burſt into prophetic breath:
" My deeds ſhall ſound
" Through the wond'ring nations round,
" Wherever freedom's honours ſhall be found,
" And all my preſent ills ſhall be by Fame o'erpaid."

VI

Long on the wat'ry waſte Columbus hung,
When nature now with boding tongue
Seem'd to pronounce his doom!
Famine ſmote the blaſted crew——
Portentius' tides beneath him flew——
Her aid th' aſtoniſh'd card withdrew:

And

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And plunging to an untry'd grave,
Deſp'rate he ſeem'd the abyſs to brave
Of Ocean's wild immeaſurable womb.

VII.

Reſcu'd at length from ruin's ways,
In vain Iberia's thankleſs ſhore he fought,
And a new world in triumph brought.
Envy her ſlander lewdly brays;
His godlike toil a ruffian train betrays.
Penſive he paus'd---dejected for mankind,
And half his lofty thoughts reſign'd,
When glory beam'd upon his mind,
And bade him ne'er bow down to ſleep,
Till o'er the vaſt Atlantic deep
His ſails advent'rous he again unfurl'd,
And ſnatch'd a deathleſs name from his recover'd world.

VIII.

Brief is the flame of mortal birth,
Wherefore the unſubmitting mind
Leſs brooks to paſs forgotten into earth,
And whilſt to anxious doubt inclin'd,
It longs for ſome etherial ſcope
Whereon to reſt th' aſpiring hope;
Fame cries from Heav'n, be brave,
Dare greatly and thy name ſhall live,
And thou upon the tongues of men ſurvive,
Though death ſhould ſhut thee up in an eternal grave.

Hence

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IX.

Hence that unquenched luſt,
In nobleſt minds the nobleſt deeds to dare,
That ſhould they ſink in duſt,
Their memory may renounce the fleeting doom,
And ſhaking off the tomb,
May wander through the living air,
And traverſe earth with their renown,
And eternize their date by an immortal crown.

LOVE.

A JEU D'ESPRIT.

HOW ſweet a torment 'tis to love?
And ah! how pleaſant is the pain?
I would not, if I could, remove,
And now put off the amorous chain.
Tho' Chloris' eyes do give me laws,
And me of liberty beguile,
I, like a martyr, love my cauſe,
And on my fair tormentor ſmile!

T. W. W.

ODE

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ODE to the LARK.

By the Author of THE CAVE OF MORAR.

SWEETEST warbler of the wood,
Raiſe thy ſoft bewitching ſtrain,
And, in pleaſure's ſprightly mood,
Free from ſorrow, free from pain,
Thro' the airy manſions ſtray,
Full of ſport and full of play.

When the ſun's returning beam
Darts propitious from the eaſt,
Dimpling every limpid ſtream,
Gilding nature's flowery veſt,
Thro' the calm protecting grove
Chaunt the welcome ſongs of love.

When the evening's clouds prevail,
And the chearing ſun retires,
When the ſhadows mark the dale
And the beam forſakes the ſpires,
Highly mounting from our view,
Give him ſtill the laſt adieu.

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As you ſkim the verdant lawn,
Let the youthful virgin band,
Early as the morning's dawn,
Tripping light, with aſpects bland,
Guided by thy artleſs note,
Thro' the graceful meaſure float.

Thus on freedom's eaſy wing,
Let the muſe, with raptur'd ſong,
Hail the firſt approach of ſpring,
And the grateful ſtrain prolong,
Till the winter's harſh decree
Reſtrain her verſe and baniſh thee.

Addreſs of the Author to his Bed.

THOU Bed, in which I firſt began
To be that various creature, man;
And, when again the fates decree,
The place where I muſt ceaſe to be;
When ſickneſs comes, to whom I fly,
To ſoothe my pain and cloſe my eye;
When cares ſurround me, where I weep,
Or loſe them all in balmy ſleep;

When

When ſore with labour, whom I court,
And to thy downy breaſt reſort:
Where too extatic joys I find,
When deigns my Delia to be kind,
And, full of love, in all her charms,
Thou giv'ſt the fair one to my arms:
The centre thou, where joy and pain,
Diſeaſe and reſt, alternate reign!
Oh! if within thy little ſpace
So many different ſcenes have place,
Leſſons as uſeful ſhalt thou teach
As ſages dictate, churchmen preach;
And man, convinc'd by thee alone,
This great important truth ſhall own,
That thin partitions do divide
The bounds were good and ill reſide,
That nought is perfect here below,
But bliſs ſtill borders upon woe.

R. B.

On

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On a FRIBBLE, *who mimick'd the Ladies.*

MISS Billy ſhines in low grimace;
Each feature of the female face,
The rompiſh ſquall; the hoyden dreſs;
Belinda's ſmile; Flirtilla's air;
The freaks and foibles of the fair,
His mimick powers expreſs.

He curt'ſies low, or bridles in,
With formal pride the dimpled chin;
Th' affected prude in all her ſhapes;
The ſcornful toſs, the mincing trip;
The look demure, or pouting lip;
Th' amphibious creature apes.

But hark! he pours his liquid throat,
And thrills Mingotti's treble note
To the ſoft tinklings of the wire,
(Whilſt the rapt eye is taught to roll,
As the ſweet air enchants his ſoul
That trembles on his lyre.

With

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With critic eye the pug can trace
The Dreſden ſtitch; if Mechlin lace,
Or Bruſſel's bobbin-work excell;
Knows the true bloom of Hyſon tea;
But nauſeates filthy ratafia,
And citron's horrid ſmell.

In gentle rills his waters fall;
He never ſpouts againſt the wall,
Like low bred porters, filthy bears;
He ſhudders at the indecent joke,
When ladies frown or parſons ſmoke
Or the rude Colonel ſwears.

The toilette's labours now he tries;
The patch adjuſts; with languid eyes
The mirror's magick power ſurveys;
Now heaves the ſigh, the head reclines;
Smiles, ſimpers, hums an air, or whines,
As Betty claſps his ſtays.

Dear Billy, where's the mighty art,
To play the ape's, or mincing's part?
To ſcrew the face, or flirt the fan?
Diſdain ſuch monkey, fribble tricks,
Nor mimick thus thy ſiſter ſex,
But try to act the Man.

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EPIGRAM,

On a Woman, in the Habit of a PRIEST,
Stealing the GEORGE from
Sir GEORGE WARREN,
At Court on the QUEEN's Birth Day.

WHEN daring Blood firſt plann'd to ſteal the crown,
He choſe the caſſock, circingle, and gown;
So female thieves the prelate's dreſs aſſume,
And even rob within the drawing room.

VERSES,

Written upon the Wall of an Inn, oppoſite the Church-Yard, at BEACONSFIELD.

SEE'ST thou that monument? There Waller lies,
Fam'd for the ſofteſt, ſweeteſt poeſies,
Who ſung at Penſhurſt to the liſt'ning deer,
That Sachariſſa might attend and hear;

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Nor ſung in vain; for ſhe attends the lay,
And hears her ſoul, but not her heart away:
To Edmund's muſic Spencer's love prefer'd—
And who dare ſay that Sachariſſa err'd?

Ambitious Edmund! could'ſt thou hope to find,
The faireſt of the fair to thee more kind?
Did Venus ever with a Poet trip?
No;—'twas with MARS the goddeſs made a ſlip:
For had thy notes the Weſtern breeze's aid
To ſteal, fond thought! unfelt into the maid,
There flouriſh round, and dying in a ſhow'r,
Leave a young Orpheus where none was before.
Yet ſtill unblemiſhed muſt the man remain,
Without, like Jove, he could be wind and rain:
Inſtead of numbers, had'ſt thou—ſword in hand,
Purſu'd the nymph, the nymph had made a ſtand,
Had caught at love, acquiring all our praiſe,
And fill'd thy arms with beauty, not with bays.

On Dryden's Buſt being thrown down at the burial of the Dutcheſs of Northumberland.

IF great *Northumberland* is laid in duſt,
Shall ſhe command the fall of Dryden's buſt?
Riches and titles may fill up the pit:
The *Piercys* have no right to bury wit.

On

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On Abigail Drummond, *daughter to* Robert, *Archbiſhop of* York, *who lived, alas! only* 16 *years; this laſt duty is paid her;*

By Mr. MASON.

HERE ſleeps, what once was beauty, once was grace;
Grace, that with tenderneſs and ſenſe combin'd,
To form that harmony of ſoul and face,
Where beauty ſhines the mirror of the mind:
Such was the maid, that in the morn of youth,
In virgin innocence, in nature's pride,
Bleſt with each art, which owes its charm to truth,
Sunk in her father's fond embrace, and died:
He weeps! O venerate the holy tear,
Faith lends her aid to eaſe affliction's load;
The parent mourns his child upon the bier,
The Chriſtian yields an Angel to his God.

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LINES addreſs'd to Mrs MAHON.

WHEN firſt I ſaw thee, Mahon, at the play,
Thy borrow'd charms enſnar'd my heart away
Indebted much to day-light, and to thee,
It now has gain'd its uſual liberty!

When from your lips for rapt'rous joys I ſought,
I found 'twas *rouge*, *pomatum*, and what not!
Henceforth ſuch kiſſes I'll deſpiſe,—like thee!
Which *Warren* ſells to you,—and you to *me!*

GEODLE.

A JEU D'ESPRIT.

To Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS *and Co:*
By the DEAN *of* DERRY.

I Lately thought no man alive,
Cou'd e'er improve paſt forty-five,
And ventur'd to aſſert it;
The obſervation was not new,
But ſeem'd to me ſo juſt and true,
That none cou'd controvert it.

"No

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" No, Sir," ſays *Johnſon*, " 'tis not ſo,
" That's your miſtake, and I can ſhew
" An inſtance, if you doubt it;
" You, Sir, who are near forty-eight,
" May much improve, 'tis not too late,
" I wiſh you'd ſet about it."

Encourag'd thus to mend my faults,
I turn'd his counſel in my thoughts,
Which way I ſhou'd apply it;
Learning and wit ſeem'd paſt my reach,
For who can learn when none will teach?
And wit—I could not buy it.

Then come, my friends, and try your ſkill,
You can inform me, if you will,
(My books are at a diſtance)
With you I'll live and learn, and then,
Inſtead of books, I ſhall read men,
So lend me your aſſiſtance.

Dear *Knight of Plympton*, * teach me how
To ſuffer with unruffled brow,
And ſmile ſerene like thine;
The jeſt uncouth, or truth ſevere,
To ſuch I'll turn my deafeſt ear,
And calmly drink my wine.

* Sir Joſhua Reynolds.

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Thou ſay'ſt, not only ſkill is gain'd,
But genius too may be attain'd,
By ſtudious imitation;
Thy temper mild, thy genius fine,
I'll copy till I make thee mine,
By conſtant application.

Thy art of pleaſing, teach me, *Garrick*,
Thou, † who revereſt odes Pindaric,
A ſecond time read o'er;
Oh! cou'd we read thee backwards too,
Laſt thirty years thou ſhould'ſt review,
And charm us thirty more.

If I have thoughts, and can't expreſs 'em,
Gibbons ſhall teach me how to dreſs 'em,
In terms ſelect and terſe;
Jones teach me Modeſty and Greek,
Smith how to think, *Burke* how to ſpeak,
And *Beauclerc* to converſe.

† Mr. *Garrick* being aſked to read *Cumberland's Odes*, laughed immoderately, and affirmed that ſuch ſtuff might as well be read backwards as forwards, and the witt *Roſcius* accordingly read them in that manner, and wonderful to relate! produced the ſame good ſenſe and poetry, as the ſentimental author ever had genius to write.

Let

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Let *Johnſon* teach me how to place,
In faireſt light, each borrow'd grace;
From him I'll learn to write;
Copy his clear, familiar ſtyle,
And from the roughneſs of his file,
Grow like himſelf,—*polite.*

Written in America, *on General* Gage's *fourth Paragraph againſt Immorality.*

WHY, what in the name of Old Nick can he mean,
(To clear the dark paradox Richard did bid John)
By ſharing all honours and profits between,
The friends of good government and true religion!

I'll tell you, ſays John, (all ſuch matters diſcreeting)
We're ſhamefully left in the lurch;
For he means that rebellion alone goes to meeting,
And only religion to church.

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A SONG.

ALL you who ſet ſail for the land of delight,
Who in wedlock's ſoft hammock would ſwing ev'ry night;
If you hope that your voyage ſucceſsful ſhall prove,
Fill your ſails with affection, your cabins with love
Fill your ſails, &c.

Let your hearts, like your main-maſt, be ever upright,
And the union you boaſt, like you tackle, be tight;
Of the ſhoals of indiff'rence be ſure to keep clear,
And the quickſands of jealouſy never come near.
And the quickſands, &c.

If vapours and whims, like ſea ſickneſs, prevail,
You muſt ſpread all your canvas, and catch the freſh gale;
But if briſk blows the wind, and there comes a rough ſea
Then lower your topſails, and ſcud under lee.
Then lower, &c.

If huſbands, you hope to live peaceable lives,
Keep the reckoning yourſelves, give the helm to your wives;
For the evener we go, boys, the better we ſail,
And on ſhipboard the head is ſtill rul'd by the tail,
And on ſhipboard, &c.

Then

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Then liſten to Capſtern, my lads, and be wiſe;
If my precepts you ſcorn, and my maxims deſpiſe,
A brace of proud antlers your brows may adorn,
And a hundred to one but you double Cape Horn.

And a hundred, &c.

An EPIGRAM,

On ſeeing Lady A-----R's PICTURE.

WHEN her dear Portrait was to A———R ſhewn,
Adorn'd with charms and beauty—not her own!
Where *Reynolds* pitying nature, kindly made
Such lips! ſuch eyes! as A———R never had.
"Ye Gods!" ſhe cries, in extacy of heart,
"How near may nature be expreſt by art!
"Well!—it is wond'rous like!—nay, let me die,
"My very pouting lip!—and killing eye!"
—Sincere and blunt, as *Manly* in the play,
Her Lord replies—"Like, Madam, did you ſay?
"The picture bears this likeneſs, it is true,
"The Portrait's painted, love,—and ſo are you!"

KITTY CARMINE.

Upon

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Upon ſeeing Mr. Taylor's *pictures of Bath, and hearing a Connoiſſeur ſwear that "they were finely painted for a Gentleman."*

By MR. GARRICK.

TELL me the meaning, you who can,
Of "finely painted for a Gentleman!"
Is *Genius*, rareſt gift of Heav'n,
To the *hir'd* artiſt only giv'n?
Or, like the Catholic Salvation,
Pal'd in for any claſs or ſtation?
Is it bound 'prentice to the trade,
Which works, and, as it works, is paid?
Is there no ſkill to build, invent,
Unleſs inſpir'd by Five per Cent?
And ſhalt thou *Taylor* paint in vain,
Unleſs impell'd by hopes of gain?
Be wiſe, my friend, and take thy fee,
That *Claud Loraine* may yield to thee.

An

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An ACCOMPLISH'D WOMAN.

By Capt. R------

TO form a fair one all complete,
Regard the following receipt:
Take noble *Devon's* lovely face,
Take *Marlb'rough's* dignity, and grace,
A grain of Lady *Bridget's* wit,
The ſhape, and elegance of *Pit*;
From *Smyth*, take every poliſh'd art
That youth, and genius can impart,
From *Cath'rine*, take th' hiſtoric page;
From *Poole*, what moſt will love aſſuage:
From *Townſhend's* eye take Cupid's dart,
Make *Lothian* fix it in the heart;
What well will every care beguile,
Muſt be collected from *Carliſle*;
From *Pembroke's* conduct leſſons take,
To mould and mend a noble rake;
Dawkin's Hymen's torch ſhall lend;
From *Langham*, learn to be a friend;
Minerva's talents take from *Gwiſe*;
Take brilliancy from *Clayton's* eyes;

A little

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A little daſh of *Fitzroy*'s ſpirit,
Craven's wiſh, and *Milford*'s merit;
Take *Cranbourne*'s lively wit, and ſenſe,
With fair *Louiſa*'s innocence;
Let *Acheſon*, the mind improve,
And *Joddrel*, find the ſtake of love;
Let *Bulkley*, lend the wedding chain;
Aſk *Milner*, how a heart to gain;
From *Bayley*, learn a heart to keep,
And honey take from *Beauchamp*'s lip;
Morant, true ſocial mirth, and eaſe,
And *Henneage* every power to pleaſe;
Take ſoftneſs from *Carmarthen*'s dame,
And *Phelps*, to fan the lover's flame;
Let *Criſpigny*, by magic powers,
Fill, and ſmooth domeſtic hours;
Granby, ſhall loves, and graces ſpare,
And *Hubbard* baniſh every care:
Let *Vaughan* * conduct the marriage reins,
And *Meynell* eaſe a lover's pains;
Taſte—you will find in *Derby*'s ſchool;
Let *Bamfield* teach you how to rule,
And *Thanet*, all that gladdens life,
In Friend!—in Miſtreſs!—or in Wife!

* Golden Grove.

ELEGY

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ELEGY on the death of the late Rev. E. K.

WHY ſeems ſo dull th' approach of ſpring,
So unenliven'd Phœbus ray?
Why do the linnets ceaſe to ſing,
The tender lambkins ceaſe to play?

The groves, the meadows, why forbear
To wanton in a vernal dreſs,
And ſtill a ruſſet aſpect wear,
And ſympathetic grief expreſs?

As by yon' lake laſt night I ſtray'd,
Its croaking tenants ſeem'd to join
In fun'ral dirge, and thus eſſay'd
To ſpeak their woes, or flatter mine.

I heard the turtle dove bemoan
The abſence of her feather'd mate,
And pleaſing ſeem'd the plaintive tone
That woo'd him to her ſad retreat.

Not equal grief can'ſt thou pretend,
Turtilla, though ſome cauſe to mourn;
Thy mate thou may'ſt regain; my friend,
Ah! never, never can return!

Flow

Flow the ſad tributary tear,
What is there elſe, alas! remains?
His memory I muſt revere;
Expreſſion real grief diſdains.

AMICUS.

An ODE,

To Miſs S---R, of York Buildings.

YES, Polly,—'tis at length too plain,—
My boaſted liberty how vain,
Thy eyes triumphant prove:
My freedom now I ceaſe to boaſt,
But think that freedom nobly loſt,
By ſerving thee, and Love!
I talk'd, I laugh'd with ev'ry fair,
No jealous pang, no anxious care,

Did

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Did e'er my heart perplex,
'Till I beheld, too lovely maid!
In thee, with ev'ry grace array'd,
The charms of all thy ſex!

The rich perfumes Arabia yields,
The wealth that crowns Sicilia's fields,
Or fair Britannia's iſle;
The ſilver treaſures of the mine,
The golden ſands, the gems that ſhine
In India's burning ſoil,

Tho' half mankind with toil purſue,
With more then ſtoic eaſe I view,
Such glitt'ring toys as theſe:
But when the maid I love appears,
A thouſand hopes, a thouſand fears,
Diſtract my ſoul, and pleaſe.

E. M.

From

From the LOVE EPISTLES *of* ARISTÆNETUS.

Tranſlated by Mr. SHERIDAN, *and others.*

EPISTLE I.

LAÏS.

* ARISTÆNETUS *to* PHILOCALUS.

† BLEST with a form of heav'nly frame,
Bleſt with a ſoul beyond that form;
With more than mortal ought to claim,
With all that can a mortal warm,

Laïs

* There is a ſtudied propriety in the very names of the ſuppoſed correſpondents in theſe Epiſtles; having in the original this peculiar beauty, that generally one, and often both of them, bear an agreeable alluſion to the ſubject of the ſeveral letters to which they are prefixed.

† In this letter Ariſtænetus deſcribes the beauties of his miſtreſs to his friend. This deſcription differs in one circumſtance from the uſual poetic analyſis

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Laïs was from her birth deſign'd
To charm—yet triumph over mankind.
There Nature, laviſh of her ſtore,
Gave all ſhe could—and wiſh'd for more;
Whilſt *Venus* gaz'd, her form was ſuch!
Wond'ring how Nature gave ſo much:
Yet added ſhe new charms; for ſhe
Could add—" A fourth bright grace, ſhe ſaid,
" A fourth, beyond the other three,
" Shall raiſe my power in this ſweet maid."
Then *Cupid*, to enhance the prize,
Gave all his little arts could reach:
To dart Love's language in the eyes
He taught—'twas all was left to teach.

O faireſt of the virgin band!
Thou maſter-piece of Nature's hand
So like the Cyprian Queen I'd ſwear
Her image fraught with life were there:
But ſilent all: and ſilent be,
That you may hear her praiſe from me:
I'll paint my Laïs' form; nor aid
I aſk--- for I have ſeen the maid.

analyſis of beauty; which is this, that (if we except the epithets "*ruby*," "*ſnowy*," &c. which could not well have been avoided) the lady it paints would be really beautiful: whereas, it is generally ſaid, "that a negroe would be handſome, compared to woman in poetical dreſs."

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Her cheek with native crimſon glows,
But crimſon ſoft'ned by the roſe:
'Twas Hebe's ſelf beſtow'd the hue;
Yet Health has added ſomething too:
But if an over-tinge there be,
Impute it to her modeſty.
Her lips of deeper red, how thin!
How nicely white the teeth within!
Her noſe how taper to the tip!
And ſlender as her ruby lip:
Her brows in arches proudly riſe,
As conſcious of her pow'rful eyes:
Thoſe eyes, majeſtic-black, diſplay
The luſtre of the god of day;
And by the contraſt of the white,
The jetty pupil ſhines more bright.
There the glad graces keep their court,
And in the liquid mirror ſport.
Her treſſes, when no fillets bind,
Wanton luxurious in the wind:
Like Dian's auburn locks they ſhone——
But Venus wreath'd them like her own.
Her neck, which well with ſnow might vie,
Is form'd with niceſt ſymmetry;
In native elegance ſecure
The moſt obdurate heart to wound;
But ſhe, to make her conqueſt ſure,
With ſparkling gems bedecks it round:

Wit

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* With gems, that rang'd in order due,
Preſent the fair one's name to view.
Her light-ſpun robes in ev'ry part
Are faſhion'd with the niceſt art,
T'improve her ſtature, and to grace
The poliſh'd limbs which they embrace.
How beautiful ſhe looks, when dreſt!
But view her freed from this diſguiſe,
Stript of th' unneceſſary veſt——
'Tis Beauty's ſelf before your eyes.

How ſtately doth my Laïs go!
With ſtudied ſtep, compos'dly ſlow:
Superb, as ſome tall mountain-fir,
Whom Zephyr's wing doth ſlightly ſtir:
(For ſurely beauty is allied
By nature very near to pride)
The groves indeed mild breezes move,
But her the gentler gales of love.
From her the pencil learns its die——
The roſy lip, the ſparkling eye;
And bids the pictur'd form aſſume
Bright Helen's mien, and Hebe's bloom.

* "*With gems, that rang'd in order due,*
"*Preſent the fair one's name to view.*"]
This conceit was formerly reckoned a peculiar elegance in a lady's dreſs.

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But how ſhall I deſcribe her breaſt!
That now firſt ſwells with panting throb
To burſt the fond embracing veſt,
And emulate her ſnow-white robe.
So exquiſitely ſoft her limbs!
That not a bone but pliant ſeems;
As if th' embrace of love—ſo warm!
Would quite diſſolve her beauteous form.
But when ſhe ſpeaks!---good heav'ns! e'en now
Methinks I hear my fav'rite ſong;
E'en yet with love's reſpect I bow
To all th' enchantment of her tongue.
---Her voice moſt clear---yet 'tis not ſtrong;
Her periods full---tho' ſeldom long;
With wit, good-natur'd wit, endow'd;
Fluent her ſpeech,---but never loud.
Witneſs, ye loves! witneſs; for well I know
To her you've oft attention given;
Oft penſile flutter'd on your wings of ſnow
To waft each dying ſound to heaven.

Ah! ſure this fair enchantreſs found
The zone which all the graces bound:
Not Momus could a blemiſh find
Or in her perſon or her mind.——
But why ſhould beauty's goddeſs ſpare
To me this all-accompliſh'd fair?

* I for

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* I for her charms did ne'er decide,
As Paris erſt on lofty Ide;
I pleas'd her not in that diſpute;
I gave her not the golden fruit:
Then why the Paphian Queen ſo free?
Why grant the precious boon to me?
Venus! what ſacrifice, what pray'r
Can ſhow my thanks for ſuch a prize!
---To bleſs a mortal with a fair,
Whoſe charms are worthy of the ſkies.

† She too, like Helen, can inſpire
Th' unfeeling heart of age with fire;
Can teach their lazy blood to move,
And light again the torch of love.
"O! cry the old, that erſt ſuch charms
"Had bloom'd to bleſs our youthful arms;
"Or that we now were young, to ſhow
"How we could love---ſome years ago!"

Have I not ſeen th' admiring throng
For hours attending to her ſong!
Whilſt from her eyes ſuch luſtre ſhone
It added brightneſs to their own:
Sweet grateful beams of thanks they'd dart,
That ſhow'd the feeling of her heart.

* "*I for her charms did ne'er decide.*"]——This alludes to the well-known conteſt between Juno, Venus, and Minerva, for the golden apple.

† *She too, like Helen,* &c.]

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Silent we've ſat with rapt'rous gaze!
Silent---but all our thoughts were praiſe:
Each turn'd with pleaſure to the reſt;
And this the pray'r that warm'd each breaſt.

" Thus may that lovely bloom for ever glow,
" Thus may thoſe eyes for ever ſhine!
" O may'ſt thou never feel the ſcourge of woe!
" O never be misfortune thine!
" Ne'er may the crazy hand of pining care
" Thy mirth and youthful ſpirits break!
" Never come ſickneſs, or love-croſs'd deſpair
" To pluck the roſes from thy cheek!——
" But bliſs be thine---The cares which love ſupplies,
" Be all the cares that you ſhall dread;
" The grateful drop, now gliſt'ning in your eyes,
" Be all the tears you ever ſhed."

But huſh'd be now thy am'rous ſong,
And yield a theme, thy praiſes wrong:
Juſt to her charms, thou can'ſt not raiſe
Thy notes---but muſt I ceaſe to praiſe?
Yes——I will ceaſe——for ſhe'll inſpire
Again the lay, who ſtrung my lyre.
Then freſh I'll paint the charming maid,
Content, if ſhe my ſtrain approves;
Again my lyre ſhall lend its aid,
And dwell upon the theme it loves.

EPISTLE II.

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EPISTLE II.

* *The* PLEASING CONSTRAINT.

By the ſame.

IN a ſnug little court as I ſtood t'other day,
And caroll'd the loitering minutes away;
Came a brace of fair nymphs, with ſuch beautiful faces,
That they yielded in number alone to the graces:
Diſputing they were, and that earneſtly too,
When thus they addreſs'd me as nearer they drew——
" So ſweet is your voice, and your numbers ſo ſweet,
" Such ſentiment join'd with ſuch harmony meet;
" Each note that you raiſe finds its way to our hearts,
" Where Cupid engraves it wi' the point of his darts:
" But O! by theſe ſtrains which ſo deeply can pierce,
" Inform us for whom you intended your verſe:
" 'Tis for her ſhe affirms---I maintain 'tis for me——
" † And we often pull caps in aſſerting our plea."

* This ſufficiently explains itſelf. It has no names prefixed to it in the original, and is very literally tranſlated.

† " *And we often pull caps*"] This is almoſt literally the Greek expreſſion.

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" Why ladies, cried I, you're both handſome, 'tis true,
" But ceaſe your diſpute---I love neither of you:
" My life on another dear creature depends,
" Her I haſten to viſit:---ſo kiſs and be friends."
" O ho!---ſaid they, now you convince us quite clear,
" For no pretty woman lives anywhere here——
" That's plainly a ſham:—Now to humour us both,
" You ſhall ſwear you love neither; ſo come take your
" oath."

" I laughing replied, 'tis tyrannical dealing
" To make a man ſwear, when 'tis plain he's not willing."

" Why friend, we've long ſought thy fair perſon to ſeize;
" And think you we'll take ſuch excuſes as theſe?
" No—'twas chance brought you hither, and here you ſhall
" ſtay
" Help, Phædra! to hold---or he'll ſure get away."
Thus ſpoken, to keep me between 'em they tried——
'Twas a *pleaſing conſtraint*; and I gladly complied.
If I ſtruggled---'twas to make them impriſon mē more,
And ſtrove---but for ſhackles more tight than before---
But think not, I'll tell how the minutes were ſpent---
You may think what you pleaſe---but they both were content.

EPISTLE III.

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EPISTLE. IV.

THE EXPERIMENT.

* PHILOCHORUS *to* POLYÆNUS.

By the ſame.

AS Hippias t'other day and I
Walk'd arm and arm, he ſaid,
" That pretty creature doſt thou ſpy
" Who leans upon her maid?

" She's tall, and has a comely ſhape,
" And treads well too, I ſwear:
" Come on---by this good light, we'll ſcrape
" Acquaintance with the fair."

Good God! cried I, ſhe is not game
I'm ſure for you or me:
Do nothing raſhly---you're to blame;
She's modeſt, you may ſee.

* In this letter a man deſcribes the excellence of his friend in diſcovering the particular diſpoſitions of the fair ſex.

But

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But he, who knew all womankind,
Thus anſwer'd with a ſneer:
" You're quite a novice, friend, I find---
" There's nothing modeſt here.

" A virtuous dame this hour, no doubt,
" Would chuſe to walk the ſtreets;
" Eſpecially ſo dizen'd out,
" And ſmile on all ſhe meets.

" Her rings, her bracelets, her perfumes,
" Her wanton actions prove
" The character which ſhe aſſumes,
" And that her trade is love.

" See now, ſhe fidgets with her veſt---
" To ſettle it be ſure;
" And not at all to ſhew her breaſt,
" Nor wiſhing to allure.

" Her robe tuck'd up with niceſt care---
" But that's to ſhew ſhe's neat;
" And though her legs are half-way bare
" She means to hide her feet.

" But

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" But see! she turns to look behind,
" And laughs I'll take my oath;
" Come on—I'll warrant we shall find
" The damsel *nothing loth*."

So up he march'd, and made his bow—
No sooner off his hat,
But, lover-like, he 'gan to vow,
And soon grew intimate.

But first premis'd the ways were rough——
" Madam, for fear of harm
" I beg"—so cleverly enough
He made her take his arm.

Then---" Fairest, for thy beauty's sake,
" Which long has fir'd my breast,
" Permit me to your maid to make
" A single short request!

" And yet you know what I'd require,
" And wherefore I apply:
" Nought unrequited I desire,
" But gold the boon shall buy.

" I'll

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" I'll give, my faireſt, what you pleaſe;---
" You'll not exact, I'm ſure:
" Then deign, bright charmer, deign to eaſe
" The torments I endure."

Aſſent ſat ſmiling in her eyes;
Her lilly hand he ſeiz'd;
Nor feign'd ſhe very great ſurpriſe,
Nor look'd ſo much diſpleas'd

---She bluſh'd a little too, methought,
As tho' ſhe ſhould refuſe:---
But women, I've been told, are taught
To bluſh when'er they chuſe.

Hippias was now quite hand in glove
With Miſs, and firmly bent
To take her to the *bow'r of love*,
He whiſper'd as he went---

" Well, Phil, ſay now, whoſe judgment's beſt?
" Was I ſo very wrong?
" You ſaw, not eagerly I preſs'd,
" Nor did I preſs her long.

" But

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" But you are ignorant, I see,
" So follow, and improve:
" For few, I ween, can teach like me
" The mysteries of love."

*EPISTLE VII.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

CYRTION *to* DICTYS.

LATE as upon the rocky strand
Alone the death-barb'd bait I threw:
Just as I tow'd a fish to land,
Which almost broke my line in two——

Comes a fair maid, whose native bloom
The tinct of art excell'd as far,
As the wild fruits of nature's womb
Beyond the hotbed's produce are.

* *Epistle* VII.]—A disagreeable end to a pleasing rencounter.

This

This prize is better than my fiſh,
Thought I—'tis ſure a lucky day,
" —I want to bathe, Sir, and I wiſh
" You'd watch my clothes while I'm away."

" Yes, yes, I eagerly replied,
" In hopes her naked charms to ſpy,
" I'll watch you clothes, and by their ſide
" My faithful little dog ſhall lie."

She bow'd, and doff'd her mantle blue;
Good heav'ns! what beauties ſtruck my ſight:
Thus morn's ſweet ruddy ſkies I view,
Freſh from the miſt of lagging night.

Bright poliſh'd arms, a neck of ſnow,
Through locks of lovely jet were ſeen;
Which by their blackneſs ſeem'd to throw
An added luſtre on her ſkin.

Two riſing globules at her breaſt,
Whoſe ſwelling throb was ſuch,
They ſeem'd upheaving to be preſt,
And ſued impatient for the touch.

The wind was huſh'd, the ſea was calm;
And in ſhe leap'd, and plow'd the tide——
The froth that bubbled as ſhe ſwam,
Loſt all its whiteneſs by her ſide.

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But ſoon the wave's impetuous guſh
Daſh'd o'er her form a crimſon hue;
She bluſh'd—you've ſeen the roſebud bluſh
Beneath its morning coat of dew.

Aſkance ſhe view'd the wat'ry ſpace,
Her neck averted from the tide,
As if old Ocean's cold embrace
Would ſhock her modeſt virgin-pride.

Each preſſing wave, that ſeem'd to toy
With am'rous haſte her limbs to kiſs,
With coy rebuke ſhe patted by;
Rebuk'd---but never could diſmiſs.

Still as ſhe ſtem'd her liquid way,
Thought I, a *Nereid* 'tis that laves:
And when ſhe tir'd, and left her play,
'Twas Venus riſing from the waves.

Then from her oozy bed ſhe ſprung.
And ſhiv'ring on the bank reclin'd,
The while her dripping locks ſhe wrung,
And ſpread them to the fanning wind.

Quick to preſent her clothes I ruſh,
And tow'rds her ſtretch my longing arms---
But ſhe repuls'd me with a bluſh---
A bluſh that added to her charms.

Rage

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Rage would have ſparkled in her eyes;---
  Yet ſtill they twinkled lovely ſweet:
As ſuns in farther diſtant ſkies,
  Emit their light without their heat.

Her robe ſhe ſnatch'd, and round her waiſt
  The azure mantle inſtant threw.---
"I'm ſorry, Sir, I'm in ſuch haſte;
  "I thank you---but muſt bid adieu."

I gently preſs'd her hand;---ſhe frown'd;
  Yet took ſhe not her hand away:
I kiſs'd her hand---ſhe turn'd around
  To hide what conſcious ſmiles betray.

---At length ſhe broke my rod and net;
  Into the ſea my capture toſs'd:
Then left me vainly to regret
  The fiſh I'd caught, and her I loſt.

EPISTLE XI.

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*EPISTLE XI.

THE ARTFUL MAID.

PHILOSTRATUS *to* EUAGORAS.

By the ſame.

A Lady thus her maid addreſs'd :—
" Like you the beauteous youth,
" On whom I doat, in whom I'm bleſt ?---
" I charge you tell me truth.

" Or is't my love that paints him fair,
" And all my fancy warms ?
" For lovers oft deceived are,
" And prize ideal charms.

" But ſay, the ſwain whom I admire,
" Do other women praiſe ?
" Do they behold him with deſire,
" Or view with ſcornful gaze ?

The girl replied, who ſaw her cue,
Deep learn'd in flatt'ry's lore,
" They all his beauty praiſe with you,
" With you they all adore.

* *Epiſtle* XI.] A Lady enquires whether the man ſhe loved was really beautiful; her maid flatters, and aſſures her of it.

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" Behold," they cry, " that form divine
" The ſculptor's art ſhould trace,
" To bid the buſt * of Hermes ſhine
" With ev'ry manly grace."

" I've heard them praiſe his arched noſe,
" And praiſe his auburn hair;
" That ſpreading o'er his forehead grows
" To make his face more fair.

" I've heard them praiſe his ſtature high,
" And praiſe his manly ſenſe;
" I've heard them praiſe!— and ſure, thought I,
" 'Tis Love gives eloquence.

" His very dreſs has merit too,
" Where taſte with art agrees:
" For tho' it is not always new,
" It never fails to pleaſe.—

" † Bleſt," will they ſay, " thrice bleſt the fair
" For whom his heart ſhall burn:
" Who ſhall a mutual ardour ſhare,
" And all his love return.

* *To bid the buſt, &c.* The ancient ſculptors uſed to copy the face of *Hermes* or *Mercury* from that of *Alcibiades*, who was reckoned the moſt beautiful model: " but now," ſays the maid, " women think your lover ſuperior to him."

† *Bleſt will, &c.*]
Ergo mecaſtor, pulcher eſt, inquit mihi,
Et liberalis. Vide cæſaries quam decet:
Næ illæ ſunt fortunatæ quæ cum illo, *&c*

PLAUTUS MILITE.

" On

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" On her the Graces ſure have ſmil'd
" With moſt propitious eye."
" Thus the whole ſex, with paſſions wild,
" For the ſame object ſigh."

But while the crafty maid arrang'd
His charms in faireſt light:
Full oft the lady's colour chang'd
With raptures exquiſite.

Convinc'd his grace was not ideal,
Which all her ſex could fire;
For women know that beauty real,
When all who ſee, admire.

* EPISTLE. XII.

THE ENRAPTURED LOVER.

EUHEMERUS *to* LEUCIPPUS.

By the ſame.

HITHER, ye trav'llers, who have known
The beauties of the eaſtern zone,
Or thoſe who ſparkle in the weſt:
Hither—O tell, and truly tell,
That few can equal, none excel
The fair who captivates my breaſt.

Survey

* *Epiſtle* XII.] A lover here ſummons all the judges of beauty to decide

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Survey her in whatever light——
New beauties ſtill engage your ſight:
  Nor does a ſingle fault appear.
Momus might ſearch, and ſearch again,
But all his ſearches would be vain,
  To find occaſion for a ſneer.

Her height, her ſhape—'tis all complete;
And e'en remarkable her feet
  For taper ſize, genteelly ſlim.—
And little feet each lover knows
Impart a ſtriking charm to thoſe
  Who boaſt no other graceful limb.

But not her beauties only ſtrike—
Her pleaſing manners too I like:
  From theſe new ſtrength my paſſion gains.
For tho' her chaſtity be gone,
She deals deceitfully by none;
  And ſtill ſome modeſty remains.

And ſtill may *Pythias* make pretence
To ſomething much like innocence,
  Which forges all my chains to laſt:
Whate'er you give, ſhe turns to praiſe:
Unlike the harlot's odious ways,
  Who ſneers at preſents e'er ſo vaſt.

decide in favour of his miſtreſs. The libertine digreſſion with which it concludes muſt be morally interpreted, as meant to ſhew into what extravagance a man may be led by an attachment, whoſe foundation is in vice.

We

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We, like two thruſhes on a ſpray,
Together ſit, together play;——
  But telling would our pleaſures wrong.
*—Suffice it, *Pythias* will oppoſe
My wanton paſſion, till it grows
  By oppoſition doubly ſtrong.

Her neck ambroſial ſweets exhales;
Her kiſſes, like Arabian gales,
  The ſcent of muſky flowers impart.
And I, reclining on her breaſt,
In ſlumbers, happy ſlumbers reſt,
  Rock'd by the beating of her heart!

Oft have I heard the vulgar ſay,
That abſence makes our love decay,
  And friends are friends but while in view:
But abſence kindles my deſire;
It adds freſh fuel to the fire,
  Which keeps my heart for ever true.

And O! may Fate my thanks receive,
In that it forc'd me not to leave
  The fair in whom my ſoul is plac'd.
† With truth my caſe did *Homer* write;
For ev'ry time with new delight
  My oft repeated joys I taſte.

* *Suffice it, &c.*]
Quæ cum ita pugnaret tanquam quæ vincere nollet,
Victa eſt non ægre proditione ſuâ. OVID.

† *With truth, &c.*]

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Sure this *is* joy—true native joy!
Which malice never can deſtroy,
  Nor holy ſhackled fools receive.
Free joys! which from ourſelves muſt flow;
Such as *free* ſouls alone can know
  And *unchain'd* Love alone can give.

But ſay, ye prudes! ye worthleſs tribe!
Who ſwear no gifts could ever bribe
  Your hearts ſweet virtue to forſake——
What *is* this treaſure which ye boaſt?
Ye vaunt becauſe you have not loſt
  —What none had charity to take.

Myrina carries on her back
An antidote to Love's attack;
  Yet ſtill at *Pythias* will ſhe ſneer.
And as my love is paſſing by,
Chryſis diſtorts her ſingle eye
  With looks of ſcorn, and virtuous fear.

Philinna ſcoffs at *Pythias* too,
—Yet ſhe is handſome it is true:—
  But then her heart's a heart of ſteel:
Incapable of all deſire,
She ridicules Love's ſacred fire,
  And mocks the joys ſhe cannot feel.

Yet

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Yet this is *Virtue!* woman's pride!
From which if once ſhe ſtep aſide,
Her peace, her fame's for ever gone!
—Away! 'tis impious ſatyr ſays
That woman's good, and woman's praiſe
Conſiſt in *chaſtity* alone.

Can one ſhort hour of *native* joy
Nature's inherent good deſtroy?
And pluck all feeling from within?
Shall Shame ne'er ſtrike the baſe Deceiver,
But follow ſtill the poor Believer,
And make all confidence a ſin?

Did gentle Pity never move
The heart once led aſtray by Love?
Was Poverty ne'er made its care?
Did Gratitude ne'er warm the breaſt
Where guilty joy was held a gueſt?
Was Charity ne'er harbour'd there?

Does coy Sincerity diſclaim
The neighb'rhood of a lawleſs flame?
Does Truth with fame and fortune fall?
Does ev'ry tim'rous virtue fly
With that cold thing—call'd Chaſtity?
—And has my *Pythias* loſt them all?

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No! No!—In thee, my life, my ſoul,
I ſwear I can compriſe the whole
Of all that's good as well as fair:
And tho' thou'ſt loſt what fools call Fame,
Tho' branded with a harlot's name,
To *me* thou ſhalt be doubly dear.

Then whence theſe fetters for deſire?
Who made theſe laws for Cupid's fire?
Why is their rigour ſo uncommon?
Why is this honour-giving plan
So much extoll'd by tyrant man,
Yet binding only to poor woman?

Search not in Nature for the cauſe:—
Nature diſclaims ſuch *partial* laws.
'Tis all a creature of th' imagination:
By frozen prudes invented firſt,
Or hags with uglineſs accurſt——
A phantom of our own creation!

Two claſſes thus, my *Pythias*, ſhew
Their inſolence to ſcoff at you:
Firſt—they who've paſſions giv'n by Nature:
But as the taſk of Fame is hard,
They've bleſt Deformity to guard
Grim Virtue in each rugged feature.

And

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And second they, who neither know
What passion means, nor Love can do;
Yet still for abstinence they preach;
Whilst Envy, rankling in the breast,
Inflames them, seeing others blest,
To curse the joys they cannot reach.

Not but there are—tho' but a few!
With charms, with love—and virtue too;——
But Malice never comes from them!
With charity they judge of all,
They weep to see a woman fall,
And pity where they most condemn.

If, *Pythias*, then thou'st done amiss,
This is thy crime, and only this:
That Nature gave thee charms to move,
Gave thee a heart to joy inclin'd,
Gave thee a sympathetic mind,
And gave a soul attun'd to love.

When Malice scoffs, then, *Pythias*, why
Glistens abash'd thy tearful eye?
Why glows thy cheek, that should be gay?
For tho' from shame thy sorrows gush,
Tho' conscious guilt imprints the blush,
By heav'ns, thou'rt modester than they.

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But let them ſcoff, and let them ſneer——
Iheed them not, my love, I ſwear:
Nor ſhall they triumph in thy fall:——
I'll kiſs away each tear of woe,
Hid by my breaſt thy cheek ſhall glow,
And Love ſhall make amends for all.

*EPISTLE XIII.

THE SAGACIOUS DOCTOR.

EUTYCHOBULUS *to* ACESTODORUS.

By the ſame.

FORTUNE, my friend, I've often thought
Is weak, if Art aſſiſt her not:
So equally all Arts are vain,
If Fortune help them not again:
They've little luſtre of their own
If ſeparate, and view'd alone——

* *Epiſtle* XIII.] This is the ſtory of *Antiochus* and *Seleucus*; but related in Ariſtænetus under different names. *Seleucus* was one of *Alexander*'s ſucceſſors in *Aſia*, having *Syria* for his kingdom: he married *Stratonice*, daughter to *Demetrius*, having had, by a former marriage, a ſon named *Antiochus*. *Stratonice* was the moſt beautiful and accompliſh'd princeſs of her time; and unhappily inſpired her ſon-in-law with the moſt ardent paſſion:—he fell ſick; and *Seleucus* was in the greateſt deſpair, when *Eraſiſtratus*, one of his phyſicians, diſcovered the cauſe of the prince's malady, and, by his addreſs, prevailed on the king to ſave his ſon's life, by reſigning to him his wife, though he paſſionately loved her.

But

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But when together they unite,
They lend each other mutual light.——
—But ſince all ſymphony ſeems long
To thoſe impatient for the ſong,
And leſt my apophthegms ſhould fail,
I'll haſte to enter on my tale.

Once on a time, (for time has been
When men thought neither ſhame nor ſin
To keep, beſides their lawful ſpouſes,
A buxom filly in their houſes)
Once on a time then, as I ſaid,
A hopeful youth, well-born, well-bred,
Seiz'd by a flame he could not hinder,
Was ſcorch'd and roaſted to a cinder.
For why, the cauſe of all his pain
Was, that he fear'd all hope was vain:
—In ſhort, the youth muſt needs adore
The nymph his father lov'd before.
"His father's miſtreſs?"—even ſo,
And ſure 'twas cauſe enough for woe.
In mere deſpair he kept his bed,
But feign'd ſome illneſs in its ſtead.
His father griev'd at his condition,
Sends poſt for an expert phyſician.
The doctor comes—conſults his pulſe——
No feveriſh quickneſs—no convulſe;
Obſerves his looks, his ſkin, his eye——
No ſymptoms there of malady;

—At

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—At leaſt of none within the knowledge
Of all the Pharmaceutic college.
Long did our *Galen* wond'ring ſtand,
Reflecting on the caſe in hand.——
Thus as he paus'd, came by the fair,
The cauſe of all his patient's care.——
Then his pulſe beat quick and high:
Glow'd his cheek, and roll'd his eye.
Alike his face and arm confeſt
The conflict lab'ring in his breaſt.
Thus chance reveal'd the hidden ſmart,
That baffled all the ſearch of art.
Still paus'd the doctor to proclaim
The luckily-diſcover'd flame:
But made a ſecond inquiſition
To ſatisfy his new ſuſpicion.
From all the chambers, ev'ry woman,
Wives, maids, and widows did he ſummon;
And one by one he had them led
In order by the patients's bed.
He the meanwhile ſtood watchful nigh,
And felt his pulſe, and mark'd his eye;
(For by the pulſe phyſicians find
The hidden motions of the mind;)
While other girls walk'd by attractive,
The lover's art'ry lay inactive;
But when his charmer paſs'd along,
His pulſe beat doubly quick and ſtrong.

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Now all the malady appear'd:
Now all the doctor's doubts were clear'd;
Who feign'd occaſion to depart
To mix his drugs, conſult his art:
He bid the father hope the beſt,
The lover ſet his heart at reſt,
Then took his fee, and went away,
But promis'd to return next day.
Day came—the family environ
With anxious eagerneſs our *Chiron*.
But he repuls'd them rough, and cried,
" Ne'er can my remedy be tried."
The father humbly queſtion'd, why
They might not uſe the remedy?
Th' enrag'd phyſician nought would ſay,
But earneſt ſeem'd to haſte away——
Th' afflicted ſire more humble yet is,
Doubles his offers, pray'rs, intreaties——
While he, as if at laſt compell'd
To ſpeak what better were with-held,
In anger cried——" Your ſon muſt periſh——
" My wife alone his life can cheriſh—
" On her th' adult'rer doats---and I
" My rival's hated ſight would fly."
The ſire was now alike diſtreſt,
To ſave his boy, or hurt his gueſt:
Long ſtruggled he 'twixt love and ſhame;
At laſt parental love o'ercame.

And

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And now he begs without remorſe
His friend to grant this laſt reſource:
Intreats him o'er and o'er t' apply
This hard, but only remedy.
" What, proſtitute my wife!" exclaims
The doctor, " pimp for lawleſs flames?"---
Yet ſtill the father teaz'd and preſt;---
" O grant a doating ſire's requeſt!
" The *neceſſary cure* permit,
" And make my happineſs complete."
Thus did the doctor's art and care
The anxious parent's heart prepare:
And found him trying long and often
The term *adultery* to ſoften.
---He own'd, " that cuſtom ſure enough,
" Had made it ſound a little rough:
" But then, ſaid he, we ought to trace
" The ſource and cauſes of the caſe.
" All prejudice let's lay aſide,
" And taking Nature for our guide,
" We'll try with candour to examine
" On what pretence this faſhion came in."
Then much he talk'd of man's firſt ſtate,
(A copious ſubject for debate!)
Of choice and inſtinct then diſputes,
With many parallels to brutes;
All tending notably to prove,
That inſtinct was the law of Love:---

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In ſhort, that Nature gave us woman,
Like earth and air, to hold in common.
Then learned authors would he quote,
Philoſophers of ſpecial note,
Who only thought their dames worth feeding,
As long as they held out for breeding;
And when employ'd in ſtudious courſes,
Would let them out, as we do horſes.
Laſt follow'd a facetious query,
To rank the ſex *naturæ ferœ*.

The doctor, when the ſpeech was clos'd,
Confeſs'd he was a little pos'd.
Then looking impudently grave,
" And how would you," ſaid he, " behave?
" Would you part freely with your wife,
" To ſave a friend's expiring life?
" By Jove, I'd act as I adviſe,"
" The father eagerly replies.---
" Then," cries the doctor, " I have done---
" Intreat yourſelf to ſave your ſon.
" He loves your girl---can you endure
" To work the *neceſſary cure*?
" If it were juſt that I ſhould give
" My wife to cauſe a friend to live;
" You ſurely may beſtow with joy
" Your miſtreſs, to preſerve your boy."
He ſpoke with Senſe, he ſpoke with Art:
Conviction touch'd the Father's heart:---

" 'Tis

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" 'Tis hard (he cried) 'tis paſſing hard
" To loſe what I ſo much regard!
" But when two dread misfortunes preſs,
" 'Tis wiſdom ſure to chooſe the leſs."

*EPISTLE XVI.

THE BASHFUL LOVER.

LAMPRIAS *to* PHILIPPIDES.

By the ſame.

IN ſecret pining thus I ſigh'd,
" *Love*, thou alone my flame do'ſt know,
" Who did'ſt the fatal arrow guide,
" And Venus, who prepar'd thy bow.

" Not to my friend, to her much leſs
" Dare I my hopeleſs flame diſcloſe;
" And love conceal'd, burns to exceſs,
" And with redoubled ardour glows.

" Me, Cupid, haſt thou robb'd of reſt;
" Wound too the maid whoſe love I ſeek;
" But pierce with lighter ſhaft her breaſt,
" Leſt grief make wan that blooming cheek."

* *Epiſtle* XVI] A lover, who had long feared to diſcloſe his paſſion, at length deſcribes to his friend the circumſtances of ſucceſs.

Sweet

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Sweet did ſhe ſpeak, and ſweetly ſmile,
When lately I admittance had,
Yet ſeem'd ſhe ſo reſerv'd the while,
The inconſiſtence made me mad.

Her ſnowy hands, her lovely face
I view'd with admiration fill'd:
Her eaſy negligence of dreſs,
Her boſom, ſeat of bliſs, reveal'd!

Still dar'd I not my love make known,
But ſilently to Cupid pray'd,
"Grant that ſhe firſt her paſſion own!"—
The pow'rful archer lent his aid.

Sudden ſhe ſeiz'd my hand—her eyes
With am'rous elocution ſpeak—
Inſtant her wonted rigour flies,
And Love ſits dimpling on her cheek.

Intoxicated with deſire,
Her panting neck ſhe did incline:
And kiſs'd me with ſuch life and fire,
I thought her ſoul would blend with mine.

—Deſcription can no farther go,
T' expreſs our happineſs too weak——
But well did half-form'd accents ſhow,
Our joys were more than we could ſpeak.

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*EPISTLE. XVII.

THE HAUGHTY BEAUTY.

XENOPEITHES *to* DEMARETUS.

YES, ſhe is cold——Oh! how ſeverely cold!—
That breaſt Love's gentle taper ne'er could warm.—
Who could believe a heart of ſavage mould
Was e'er enſhrin'd within ſo bright a form?

Yet not unnotic'd in the fields of Love
Have I ſuſtain'd full many a briſk campaign:
For many a trophy ſtrove,---nor vainly ſtrove,---
While maids, and wives, and widows own'd my reign.

But now, alas! that idle boaſt expires;
And *Daphnis* wears the laurels I had won.
Now *Xenopeithes* pines with new deſires,
And all his fame in one defeat is flown.

Yes---ſhe is every way replete with wiles.---
Loves ſhe?---'tis ſilence,---Is ſhe lov'd?---'tis ſcorn,
Flatt'ry ſhe hates;---at proffer'd gifts ſhe ſmiles.---
As law, muſt her imperious will be borne.

* *Epiſtle* XVII.] From a lover complaining of the pride and inſenſibility of his miſtreſs.

Laughs

Laughs ſhe?---her lips alone that laughter own---
No ſmiling dimples on her cheeks are ſpread---
And once I ventur'd to reprove her frown,
And told her, "Charms ſhould love inſpire, not dread."---

As well might I have ſpoken to the air,
Or to an aſs have touch'd the melting lute.
But ſtill---* The falling drop the ſtone will wear,---
And ſtill I'll ply my diſappointed ſuit.

With more deluſive baits my hook I'll gild---
Still on my line the ſlipp'ry prize ſhall play.
---And 'tis Love's grand diſtinction not to yield,
But toil and toil, altho' he loſe the day.

Ten years could vanquiſh heav'n-defended Troy---
And O! do thou, my friend, aſſiſt my aim---
(For thou haſt felt the all-deſtructive boy)
† The ſame our labours, as our ſkiff the ſame,

* *The falling drop, &c.*] An ancient proverb.
"Nonne vides etiam guttas in ſaxa cadentes,
"Humoris longo ſpatio pertundere ſaxa."

LUCRET. lib. iii.

"Hard bodies, which the lighteſt ſtroke receive,
"In length of time will moulder and decay;
"And ſtones with drops of rain are waſh'd away."

† *The ſame our labours, &c.*] Another Greek proverb.
, n eâdem es navi.——

CIC. Epiſt. ii.

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An EPIGRAM,

To Miſs POLLY TEMPEST, ſinging.

THE melting ſtrain, bright maid, give o'er,
Nor thus exert a ſkill,
Which only charms to wound the more,
And raviſhes to kill:
The liſt'ning ear on tranſport hung,
The Syren thus enjoy'd,
Gave more than rapture while ſhe ſung,
But as ſhe ſung deſtroy'd.

Hymn to the MORNING.

DAUGHTER of Heav'n! Aurora riſe,
Thy cheering courſe to run,
With luſtre crimſon o'er the ſkies,
And uſher in the ſun.

Thy

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Thy balmy breath's refreſhing pow'r,
Shall ſoon revive the plain,
Awake the ſweets of ev'ry flower,
And gladden every ſwain.

The virgin yet untaught to ſigh,
Shall lightly tread the vale,
And raiſe with joy the tearleſs eye,
To bid thy preſence hail.

Come, modeſt maid, with bluſhes ſpeak,
In all thy roſes dreſt,
Diffuſing health to ev'ry cheek,
And peace on every breaſt.

Come, Morning, come, which Heav'n deſign'd,
Its choiceſt gifts to bear,
And kindly teach the human mind,
To worſhip and revere.

In wonder wrapt let Nature ſtand,
To think how much ſhe owes,
And learn to praiſe the gracious hand,
From whence the bleſſing flows.

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Amor vincit omnia, & nos cedamus amori. VIRGIL.

THE pang that wounds the tortur'd breaſt,
No mortal can conceive,
Since Sylvia firſt deſtroyed my reſt,
And taught me how to grieve.

No gentle ſlumbers cloſe my eyes,
Or mitigate my pain,
The night is only ſpent in ſighs,
And lengthen'd to complain.

Oh! Sylvia, hear a doating youth,
And pity his diſtreſs;
Oh! hear him ſwear eternal truth,
And bid him ſuffer leſs.

Who can behold a face ſo fair,
And ſtill his heart maintain?
Th' unequal taſk let all declare,
And own the effort vain.

Who can withſtand the nameleſs charm,
That dwells in ſenſe refin'd,
Or who reſiſt the faultleſs form,
That views the ſpotleſs mind.

Reſiſtleſs

Reſiſtleſs maid! whom Heav'n has bleſt,
Your own perfection ſee;
Behold your pow'r o'er every breaſt,
And learn to pity me.

Cheſhunt, RERLAWTTAYE.
Feb. 7, 1762.

A PASTORAL HYMN *to* JANUS, MDCCLXII.

Written on a ſuppoſition that her Majeſty's Birth day was in the month of January.

Te primum pia thura rogent, te vota ſalutant,
——te colat omnis honos. MART. ad Janum.

TO the god Janus, ſhepherds raiſe a ſhrine,
His honours be divine!
And, as to mighty Pan, with homage bow!
To him the virgin troop ſhall tribute bring;
He ſhall be hail'd like the green livery'd Spring,
Spite of the wint'ry ſtorms that ſtain his brow.

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The painted pride, the pageantry of May,
Glides wantonly away;
But January, in his rough-ſpun veſt,
Boaſts the full bleſſings that can never fade,
Since he gave birth to the illuſtrious maid,
Whoſe beauties make the Britiſh monarch bleſt.

Could the ſoft Spring with all her ſunny ſhow'rs,
The frolic nurſe of flow'rs,
Or flaunting Summer, fluſh'd in ripen'd pride,
Could they produce a finiſh'd ſweet ſo rare?
Or from his golden ſtores a gift ſo fair,
Say, has the fertile Autumn e'er ſupply'd?

Henceforward let the hoary month be gay.
As the white hawthorn'd May!
The laughing goddeſs of the ſpring diſown'd:
Her roſy wreath ſhall on his brows appear;
Old Janus, as he leads, ſhall fill the year,
And the leſs fruitfull Autumn be dethron'd!

Above the other months ſupremely bleſt,
Glad Janus ſtands confeſt!
He can behold with retroſpective face
The mighty bleſſings of the year gone by:
Where to connect a monarch's nuptial tie,
Aſſembl'd ev'ry glory—every grace——

While

While he looks forward on the flatt'ring year,
The golden hours appear,
(As in the ſacred reign of Saturn) fair.
Britain ſhall prove, from this propitious date,
Her honours perfect—victories complete,
And boaſt the brighteſt hopes———A
BRITISH HEIR!

J. CUNNINGHAM.

The MODERN TRAVELLER.

FROM the grand tour, thro' Paris, Florence, Rome,
The travell'd youth returns accompliſh'd home.
Learn'd in each gout, and vers'd in ev'ry faſhion,
He comes to teach and to adorn the nation.
With ſmarteſt airs he ſparkles thro' the town,
And views with ſcorn the academick clown;
A modern wit, extremely read in French,
Can ſing, and dance, and dreſs, and ſwear, and wench.
Accompliſhments like his demand eſteem;
He knows the world,—ay, and the world knows him.

Verſes

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Verſes to a young Lady with the New Edition of Shakeſpeare by Dr. Johnſon and Mr. Steevens.

ACCEPT, ſweet maid, each Scene that Shakeſpeare drew,
Scenes, whoſe great leſſons may improve ev'n you!

Vol. I. *Tempeſt.*

Behold your image in his *Tempeſt* ſhewn,
For ſure Miranda's ſpotleſs mind's your own!——

Gent. of Verona.

Let falſe Verona's rake your anger move,
But ſpare his friend, who boaſts a conſtant love.

Merry Wives, &c.

To check your mirth tho' prudiſh matrons try,
With Mrs. Ford, in harmleſs frolicks vie.

Vol. II. *Meaſ. for Meaſ.*

Like Iſabel on virtue found your pleaſure;
"Quit like with like, give Meaſure ſtill for Meaſure."

Com. of Errors.

With Adriana's, be your rage ſuppreſs'd,
For life's a ſcene of Errors at the beſt.

Much Ado, &c.

From Claudio's ſcorn, and injur'd Hero's blame,
Learn, what ſmall ſlips o'erturn a woman's fame.

Vol.

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Love's Lab. Loſt.

To try their temper, lovers ſometimes roaſt,
Like Roſaline, whoſe Labour was not Loſt.

Vol. III. *Midſ. Night's Dream.*

Like Hermia, rather from a parent part,
Than yield your perſon, and withold your heart.

Merch. of Venice.

Wiſe Portia's caſkets, e'er you wed, employ;
Who chuſe for riches ne'er will give you joy:

As You Like it.

And when your point, like Roſalind, you've carried,
Strive not to wear the breeches when you're married.

Vol. IV. *Taming the Shrew.*

Still Kath'rine's conquer'd paſſions keep in view,
Ere ſome Petruchio comes to Tame a Shrew;

All's Well, &c.

And when your Graces have a Bertram warm'd,
Think, no bad huſband is a rake reform'd.

Twelfth Night.

When Belch or Aguecheek for love applies,
Deteſt the drunkard, and the fool deſpiſe.

Winter's Tale.

Ne'er of your huſband's friend too fond appear,
Leonte's jealouſy may elſe be near.

Mackbeth.

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Macbeth.

And left ambition blaſt your peaceful life,
Behold the end of Cawdor's guilty wife!

Vol. V. *K. John.*

Of love maternal mark the influence mild
When widow'd Conſtance weeps her murder'd child.

K. Rich. II.

Thro' changing fortunes let thy faith be ſeen,
A bright example ſhines in Richard's Queen.

Vol. VI. *King Henry IV. 2 parts.*

And if a Soldier you ſhould chance to marry,
Know, while he's abſent you at home muſt tarry.

King Henry V.

Like t'other Kate, no fault'ring Lover blame;
Half French, half Engliſh, honeſt Love's the ſame.

King Henry VI. 3 parts.

O'er pious Henry, ſorrow's tribute pay,—
But make your huſbands kiſs as well as pray;

Vol. VII. *King Richard III.*

Yet claſp no Stateſman, Gloſter-like, too cloſe,
Soon cloy'd, they'll give poor Lady Anne a doſe.

King Henry VIII.

And know like, Bullen, ſhould you match above you——
The great may marry—but not long will love you.

Corio-

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Coriolanus.

No patriot Marcius take, their faith's but brittle,
They love their country much—their wives but little.

Vol. VIII. *Julius Cæsar.*

To Portia's actions, all but one aspire—
For what is drinking drams but swallowing fire?

Antony and Cleopatra.

Hate spendthrift Antonies, who cram the fair,
And make them drink the pearls they'd rather wear.

Timon.

To no grave Timon be your favour shown,
He ne'er can love your sex who hates his own:

Titus Andronicus.

No Cook, like Andronicus, deign to try,
Who great ambition soars to raise—a pye.

Vol. IX. *Troilus and Cressida.*

Nor e'er like Cressida, wanton girl, be led
By some old Pandar to a lawless Bed.

Cymbeline.

Accept no Posthumus, content to roam;——
Such, send their spies to tempt a wife at home.

King Lear.

Your dearest childrens' wav'ring duty fear,
Nor give up all your wealth like beggar'd Lear.

Vol. X.

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Vol. X. *Romeo and Juliet.*

But let ſome Romeo that ſoft Nature move,
Mix with thy ſoul, and yield thee Love for Love.

Hamlet.

In each rude Hamlet's boſom ſcorn a part,
Whoſe only triumph is to break your heart:

Othello.

And all black huſbands—they're enough to fright one
May Zara long live happy with a white one!

By Mr. PRIOR.

TO Richmond and Peterburgh, Matt gave his letters,
And thought they were ſafe in the hands of his betters.
How happen'd it then that the Packets were loſt?
Theſe were Knights of the Garter, not Knights of the Poſt.

Mr.

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" *Mr.* Pope's *welcome from Greece*," *a copy of verſes written by Mr.* Gay, *upon Mr.* Pope's *having finiſhed his tranſlation of* HOMER'S ILIAD.

LONG haſt thou, Friend! been abſent from thy ſoil,
Like patient Ithacus at Siege of Troy:
I have been witneſs of thy ſix years toil,
Thy daily labours, and thy nights annoy;
Loſt to thy native land, with great turmoil,
On the wide Sea, oft threat'ning to deſtroy:
Methinks with thee I've trod Sigæan ground,
And heard the ſhores of Helleſpont reſound.

Did I not ſee thee when thou firſt ſett'ſt ſail
To ſeek adventures fair in Homer's land?
Did I not ſee thy ſinking ſpirits fail,
And wiſh thy bark had never left the ſtrand?
Ev'n in mid ocean often didſt thou quail,
And oft lift up thy holy eye and hand,
Praying the virgin dear, and ſaintly choir,
Back to the port to bring thy bark entire.

Chear up, my friend, thy dangers now are o'er;
Methinks—nay, ſure the riſing coaſts appear;
Hark how the guns ſalute from either ſhore,
As thy trim veſſel cuts the Thames ſo fair:

Shouts

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Shouts anſw'ring ſhouts, from Kent and Eſſex roar,
And bells break loud tho' every guſt of air:
Bonfires do blaze, and bones and cleavers ring,
As at the coming of ſome mighty King.

Now paſs we Graveſend with a friendly wind,
And Tilbury's white fort and long Blackwall;
Greenwich, where dwells the friend of human kind,
More viſited than or her Park or Hall,
Withers the good, and (with him ever join'd)
Facetious Diſney, greet thee firſt of all;
I ſee his chimney ſmoke, and hear him ſay,
Duke, that's the room for Pope, and that for Gay.

Come in, my friends, here ſhall you dine and lie,
And here ſhall breakfaſt and here dine again;
And ſup and breakfaſt on, (if ye comply)
For I have ſtill ſome dozens of Champaign:
His voice ſtill leſſens as the ſhip ſails by;
He waves his hand to bring us back in vain;
For now I ſee, I ſee proud London's ſpires;
Greenwich is loſt, and Deptford Dock retires.

Oh! what a concourſe ſwarms on yonder key;
The Sky re-echoes with new ſhouts of joy:
By all this ſhow, I ween, 'tis Lord May'rs day;
I hear the voice of trumpet and hautboy—
No, now I ſee them near——Oh, theſe are they
Who come in crowds, to welcome thee from Troy.

Hail

Hail to the Bard whom long as loſt we mourn'd,
From ſiege, from battle, and from ſtorm return'd.

Of goodly Dames, and courteous Knights, I view
The ſilken petticoat, and broider'd veſt;
Yea Peers, and mighty Dukes, with ribbands blue,
(True blue, fair emblem of unſtained breaſt)
Others I ſee as noble, and more true,
By no court-badge diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt:
Firſt ſee I Methwen, of ſincereſt mind,
As Authur grave, as ſoft as woman-kind.

What Lady's that to whom he gently bends?
Who knows not her? ah! thoſe are Wortley's eyes;
How art thou honour'd, number'd with her friends?
For ſhe diſtinguiſhes the good and wiſe.
The ſweet-tongu'd Murray near her ſide attends.
Now to my heart the glance of Howard flies;
Now Harvey, fair of face, I mark full well,
With thee, Youth's youngeſt daughter, ſweet Lepell.

I ſee two lovely ſiſters hand in hand,
The fair hair'd Martha and Tereſa brown;
Madge Bellenden, the talleſt of the land;
And ſmiling Mary, ſoft and fair as down;
Yonder I ſee the chearful Ducheſs ſtand,
For friendſhip, zeal, and blithſome humours known:
Whence that loud ſhout in ſuch a hearty ſtrain?
Why, all the Hamiltons are in her train.

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See next the decent Scudamore advance,
With Winchelſea, ſtill meditating ſong:
With her perhaps Miſs How came there by chance,
Nor knows with whom, or why ſhe comes along.
Far off from theſe ſee Santlow, fam'd for dance;
And frolick Bicknell, and her ſiſter young;
With other names, by me not to be nam'd,
Much lov'd in private, not in public fam'd.

But now behold the female band retire,
And the ſhrill muſick of their voice is ſtill'd.
Methinks I ſee fam'd Buckingham admire
That in Troy's ruin thou hadſt not been kill'd;
Sheffield, who knows to ſtrike the living lyre
With hand judicious, like thy Homer, ſkill'd.
Bathurſt impetuous haſtens to the coaſt,
Whom you and I ſtrive who ſhall love the moſt.

See generous Burlington, with goodly Bruce,
(But Bruce comes wafted in a ſoft ſedan)
Dan Prior next, belov'd by every muſe,
And friendly Congreve, unreproachful man!
(Oxford by Cuningham hath ſent excuſe)
See hearty Wattkins comes with cup and cann;
And Lewis, who has never friend forſaken;
And Laughton whiſp'ring aſks—Is Troy town taken?

Ear

Earl Warwick comes, a free and honeſt mind,
Bold, gen'rous Craggs, whoſe heart was ne'er diſguis'd:
Ah why, ſweet St. John, cannot I thee find?
St. John for every ſocial virtue priz'd.—
Alas to foreign climates he's confin'd,
Or elſe to ſee thee here I well ſurmiz'd:
Thou too my Swift doſt breathe Bæotian air,
When wilt thou bring back wit and humour here?

Harcourt I ſee for eloquence renown'd,
The mouth of juſtice, oracle of law!
Another Simon is beſide him found,
Another Simon, like as ſtraw to ſtraw.
How Lanſdown ſmiles, with laſting laurel crown'd!
What mitred prelate there commands our awe?
See Rocheſter approving nods his head,
And ranks one modern with the mighty dead.

Carlton and Chandois thy arrival grace;
Hanmer, whoſe eloquence th' unbiaſs'd ſways;
Harley, whoſe goodneſs opens in his face,
And ſhews his heart the ſeat where virtue ſtays.
Ned Blount advances next with buſy pace
In haſte, but ſauntring, hearty in his ways:
I ſee the friendly Carylls come by dozens,
Their wives, their uncles, daughters, ſons, and couſins.

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Arbuthnot there I ſee, in phyſick's art,
As Galen learn'd, or famed Hippocrate;
Whoſe company drives ſorrow from the heart,
As all diſeaſe his med'cines diſſipate:
Kneller amid the triumph bears his part,
Who could (were mankind loſt) anew create;
What can th' extent of his vaſt ſoul confine?
A painter, critick, engineer, divine!

Thee, Jervas hails, robuſt and debonair,
Now have [we] conquer'd Homer, friends, he cries:
Dartneuf, grave joker, joyous Ford is there,
And wond'ring Maine ſo fat with laughing eyes:
(Gay Maine, and Cheney, boon companions dear,
Gay fat, Maine fatter, Cheney huge of ſize)
Yea Dennis, Gildon, (hearing thou haſt riches)
And honeſt, hatleſs Cromwell, with red breeches.

O Wanley, whence com'ſt thou with ſhortned hair,
And viſage from thy ſhelves with duſt beſprent?
"Forſooth (quoth he) from placing Homer there,
"For ancients to compyle is myne entente;
"Of ancients only hath Lord Harley care:
"But hither me hath my meeke lady ſent,
"In manuſcript of Greeke rede we thilke ſame,
"But book yprint beſt pleſyth myn gude dame."

Yonder

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Yonder I ſee, among th' expecting croud,
Evans with laugh jocoſe, and tragick Young;
High-buſkin'd Booth, grave Mawbert, wand'ring Frowd,
And Titcomb's belly waddles ſlow along.
See Digby faints at Southern talking loud,
Yea Steele and Tickell mingle in the throng:
Tickle whoſe ſkiff (in partnerſhip they ſay)
Set forth for Greece, but founder'd in the way.

Lo the two Doncaſtles in Berkſhire known!
Lo Bickford, Forteſcue, of Devon land!
Lo Tooker, Eckerſhall, Sykes, Rawlinſon:
See hearty Morley takes thee by the hand.
Ayrs, Graham, Buckridge, joy thy voyage done;
But who can count the leaves, the ſtars, the ſand?
Lo Stonor, Fenton, Caldwell, Ward and Broome;
Lo thouſands more, but I want rhyme and room.

How lov'd! how honour'd thou! yet be not vain;
And ſure thou art not, for I hear thee ſay,
All this, my friends, I owe to Homer's ſtrain,
On whoſe ſtrong pinions I exalt my lay.
What from contending cities did he gain?
And what rewards his grateful country pay?
None, none were paid—why then all this for me?
Theſe honours, Homer, had been juſt to thee.

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Reflections on a Clean Shirt.

HAIL bright invention! by whoſe friendly aid,
This ſhirt once more ſo decently is made!
Goddeſs of arts and induſtry ariſe,
Aſſert thy legal empire in the ſkies.
With ſmiles behold the ſalutary rub,
And crown the labours of the daily tub.
But bleſs that friend to Covent Garden bloods,
Who firſt invented proper ſoap and ſuds.
This only ſhirt, occaſionly white,
May now appear, Lucinda, in thy ſight.
The Park once more with credit it may view,
Nor ſhrink behind the ſable of its hue.
An added air of decency diſcloſe,
And meet reſpect at Hughes's or the Roſe.
Some friend, perhaps, may take it home to dine,
And treat its maſter with a gill of wine.
Thanks to my ſtars, it does not look ſo mean,
But ſeems tol-lol, and comfortably clean.

Genius of true benevolence ariſe,
And mark this æra with indignant eyes,
Where fools are rais'd to livings and to place,
And want of honour dignifies his grace

Where

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Where dreſs in triumph by the follies led
Sets off the mean and deſpicable head;
And taudry lace finds out the happy art
To gild the ſordid baſeneſs of the heart—
Why did I learn in theſe degen'rate days
To run from ſolid pudding after praiſe?
To hold the mirror to a raſcal's eyes,
And laſh a rev'rend villain in diſguiſe?
O that the ſtars this boſom could create
Low as my lot, and humble as my fate!
Without one ſpark of animating fire,
One wiſh refin'd, or elegant deſire!
Then had I paſt in opulence my days,
And felt advancement's ſalutary rays;
Had known the utmoſt value of an hour,
And lick'd the footſtool of ſuperior pow'r:
A villain's crimes had flatter'd and excus'd,
Smil'd when he ſmil'd; and, when he frown'd, abus'd.
On modeſt worth had inſolently trod,
Traduc'd my friend, and ſcandaliz'd my GOD.

Theſe, theſe, alas! are now the only ways
To gain preferment or to riſe to praiſe.
Theſe methods now ſupport the meaneſt cauſe,
And purchaſe favour, friendſhip, and applauſe;
The vileſt ſlave that infamy can brand,
Or midnight murder blacken with a hand,
Who baſely triumph'd o'er the widow's fears,
And laugh'd at helpleſs innocence in tears,

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Whoſe very wife, with proſtituted charms,
He took, all reeking, from licentious arms,
And ow'd a mean, or deſpicable place,
To ſomething more than credible diſgrace;
Dreſs him but well, his company's deſir'd,
His life approv'd, his character admir'd,
Protection ſmiles complacently on high,
And favour views him with its fondeſt eye;
Till, by degrees, to dignity he grows,
And ſoars to honour baſely as he roſe.

Far other fate on modeſt worth attends,
Of means bereft, and deſtitute of friends;
In this wide world by fortune ſet afloat,
The poor poſſeſſor of an—only coat.
Yet nobly ſcorns by infamy to pleaſe,
Or riſe by ſteps ſo ſcandalous as theſe.
Taſte to his wants no liberty allows,
But ſtares to ſee, and reddens if he bows.
And not alone regardleſs of his guiſe,
Affects to laugh, and publickly deſpiſe.
The choice companions of his happier days
Salute with pride's moſt deſpicable gaze;
Refuſe to ſmooth the ſharpneſs of diſtreſs,
And bluſh to meet his ſhabbineſs of dreſs.
In vain the poor afflicted is poſſeſt
Of all the virtues of the human breaſt:
In vain he's honeſt, ſenſible, and kind,
Politely bred, and modeſtly refin'd;—

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No eye that ſhuns, munificent, beſtows
A means to purge the ſcandal of his clothes;
No feeling breaſt the leaſt aſſiſtance lends,
Becauſe he needs the bounty of his friends;
In vain 'tis known how greatly he has griev'd,
Becauſe, alas! he wants to be reliev'd!

Yet humble merit never ſhould deſpair,
But learn to feel, and ſtudy how to bear.
Implicit rev'rence the Almighty will,
Nor always think that poverty's an ill.
Be leſs expert to wound its own repoſe,
Nor ſtrive to raiſe imaginary woes.
If means of wealth and honour are deny'd,
No world will envy or condemn his pride;
No fawning ſlave a feign'd reſpect will pay,
Appear to ſmile, and ſtudy to betray.
No mind ambitious inſolently blame,
Traduce his deeds, and viliſy his fame;
If Heav'n's high wiſdom has been pleas'd to ſhed
The humble means to furniſh him with bread;
The riſing ſigh ſhould ſwell his heart no more;
Or only heave to worſhip and adore.
Leſs true content, magnificently dreſt,
The ermin'd wretch finds center'd in his breaſt;
Who owes his boaſted conſequence and riſe
To ſteps which truth and virtue ſhould deſpiſe:
Doom'd by the juſtice of avenging fate,
To ſigh in ſplendor, and to pine in ſtate,

Her

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Her ſharpeſt woes eternal conſcience brings,
And wakens guilt to aggravated ſtings,
Reflection haunts him in her dread extremes,
And ſpreads diſtraction through his midnight dreams,
His flight purſues and follows him behind,
To murder all the comforts of his mind.—
While peace holds watch on lowly virtue's door,
And ſhares ſome pleaſure to the worthy poor,
Her freſheſt roſes on their pillows ſtrews,
And nightly crowns it with a ſafe repoſe,
Preſerves a calm tranquility from hurt,
And gives contentment to *an only ſhirt*.

1762

To General Conway on his being made Secretary of State.

UNDAUNTED chief, to Britain dear,
Who late was in diſgrace,
Believe me, I am glad to hear,
Your worth has gain'd a place.

How good and gracious, wiſe and great,
In George your R—— M——,
To give you firſt a broken pate,
And then apply a plaiſter.

F.——

THE

THE STROLLING PLAYER.

A TALE.

A Strolling play'r, as ſtory tells,
If truth in modern ſtories dwells,
Stood once proclaiming Richard's fate
Hard by an honeſt farmer's gate;
And ſaw the clowns with pleaſure come,
Who heard the beating of the drum:
For country actors roam about,
Whene'er their caſh or credit's out.
Or when his Worſhip ſhall determine
To drive them out like other vermin,
Then ſome poor youth, who fain would ſup,
For ſixpence takes the drum-ſtick up,
And gladly rambles up and down,
To beat the play thro' all the town.
And oft this man, by hunger preſt,
Is better paid than all the reſt.——

But as our preſent mouth-piece ſtood,
And curdled every ruſtic's blood,
Exerted all his might and pow'r
On Henry murder'd in the Tow'r;

How

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How Glo'ſter baſely took his life,
And after married Edward's wife.
Then quickly ſtopp'd his nephews breath,
By vilely ſtifling them to death.
With many other horrid crimes,
Whoſe mention ſhocks the lateſt times.
Till Richmond nobly made him yield,
And kill'd the wretch in Boſworth field.

The honeſt farmer, ſighing, ſaid,
" What ways there are of getting bread!
" I dare ſay, friend, you'd think it hard
" To work in any farmer's yard;
" Yet tell me, tho' you ſpeak ſo fine,
" Whoſe trade is better, yours or mine?
" Is any fellow in your ſtation
" Of half our value to the nation?
" And yet at us you toſs your noſe,
" Whene'er you get a rag of clothes;
" With ſaucy jeſt preſume to flout us,
" Altho' you could not eat without us:
" In London why I've ſeen the play'rs
" In better waiſtcoats than our May'rs:
" Nay, I declare it on my word,
" I've ſeen an actor wear a ſword.
" And not a creature in the town,
" Would ever knock the fellow down,
" Altho' the puppy had began
" To think himſelf a gentleman:

" Wh

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" When but the very ſummer after,
" (I ſcarce can mention it for laughter)
" He came among the country boors,
" And beat juſt ſuch a drum as your's;
" What can you ſay?" the farmer cry'd,
When thus our orator reply'd,
" Sir, if my word you'll pleaſe to truſt,
" I own your cenſure often juſt:
" Experience every day declares,
" The fooliſh pride of many play'rs;
" And ſome perhaps, but let that reſt,
" Whoſe lives are not the very beſt;
" For tho' this truth on ſome may fall,
" The cenſure ne'er can reach to all.
" A raſcal high ſoever drawn,
" Had been a raſcal clad in lawn,
" And worth will every eye engage,
" Tho' fortune place it on the ſtage;
" Profeſſions, Sir, you never find
" Have chang'd the temper of the mind:
" And if a man, genteely bred,
" A faultleſs life has always led;
" Why will your cenſure wiſh to blame
" The merit juſtice ſhould proclaim?
" I need not ſay what native fires,
" Or judgment ſuch a life requires,
" A truth like this I need not ſmother.
" They're higher much than any other:

" And

" And if ſometimes we meet with loſſes;
" All men are liable to croſſes;
" Why is an actor's made a jeſt,
" When pity ſmiles on all the reſt?
" Had fortune burnt your haggards down,
" You, Sir, had worked about the town,
" Had beat a drum, or acted worſe,
" Without a ſixpence in your purſe."
Here paus'd the youth. The farmer turn'd,
Whoſe breaſt with true good nature burn'd,
" Of all thy trade I ne'er eſpy'd
" A man poſſeſs ſo little pride:
" I aſk thy pardon, honeſt youth,
" Thou haſt ſpoke nothing but the truth;
" And while with us you chooſe to ſtay,
" I beg thou'lt ſee me every day,
" Nor bluſh, if e'er thou art diſtreſt,
" To be an honeſt farmer's gueſt.
" A man I dare be ſworn thou art,
" Bleſt with a very noble heart.
" And harkee—nay—but this way ſtand,
" Here take a guinea in thy hand,
" Had I been in thy place, I ſee.
" You would have acted juſt like me.

To

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To M. Elie de Beaumont, Counſellor before the Parliament of Paris, on his generous defence of John Calas.

By Mr. LANGHORNE.

BEAUMONT, diſtinguiſh'd by the lib'ral mind,
One Britiſh wreath thy honour'd brows ſhall bind;
Nor, tho' Voltaire beſtows immortal praiſe,
Diſdain this offering of obſcurer bays.

Who ſcorns mean ſuperſtition's baſe controul,
And clears away the rubbiſh from the ſoul;
Whoſe incenſe flames on truth's tranſparent ſhrine,
Who bows to reaſon as the beſt divine;
Who, while falſe ſanctions cruel power inveſt,
Dares, nobly dares, for innocence oppreſt:
For him the Muſe with pious care ſhall rove,
To cull the pride of all th' Aonian grove,
Stamp his fair honours in her ſtrain ſublime,
And bear her Beaumont o'er the recks of time.—

EPIGRAM,

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EPIGRAM,

On a Lady who was troubled with St. Vetus's dance.

WE now ſhall find the longitude,
And ſafely croſs the ocean;
Lucinda does ſo well explain,
The fam'd perpetual motion.—

T. HARRISON.

On the Scotch Pavement.

HAD paving London ſtreets in taſte,
Been left to me alone.
On Scotchmens heads we might have trod,
And B—e the corner ſtone.

F——.

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An Elegy on a Tallow Candle.

PENSIVE I lay, e'en from the dead of night,
Until the ſun his daily courſe began,
Reflecting on the candle's waſting light,
And moraliz'd the fate of mortal man.

White and unſully'd was that cotton wick,
When from the chandler firſt to me it came;
Behold how black! the greaſy drops how thick!
Such colour takes it from imparted flame.

Such is the youth, of manners ſtrict and pure,
Till, led by vice, he quits his reaſon's guide;
By flatt'ry drawn, he ſtoops to vice's lure,
And from the path of reaſon wanders wide.

His paſſions melt, his manly vigour faints,
Nor mourns he ought his former vigour gone,
For foul ſociety his former morals taints,
And mother Herbert marks him for her own.

The fool who ſells his freedom for a ſmile,
Or for a ribband barters peace of mind,
Like waſting wicks juſt glimmers for a while,
Then dies in ſmoke, and leaves a ſtink behind.

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The many perils that ambition wait,
When ſoaring high, we ſtill the lower fall,
Are but the ſnuffers of expiring light,
And Death's the grand extinguiſher of all.

Epitaph found in a Country Church Yard, on a Young Woman.

THY parents have deſired me,
To write an Epitaph on thee.
Oh! how ſhall I thy praiſe rehearſe,
Whoſe worth exceeds the power of verſe.
The charms of virtue who can paint?
Or pen the glories of a ſaint?
Let thoſe who can ſuch ſkill impart,
Tell what thou wert, and what thou art.——

Epigram

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Epigram on Miſs ----, occaſioned by her wearing patches.

NO wonder that Daphne ſhunn'd Phœbus' embrace;
She was cur'd of her love when ſhe look'd in his face;
No wonder that men from Lucetta ſhould run
For the ſpots in her face are like thoſe in the ſun.

G. CASWAL.

A SONNET,

Occaſioned by the preſent encouragement of Operas.

SINCE Folly's ſons uſurp'd the throne,
(Where Reaſon whilom ſway'd alone)
And laid the regions waſte;
The goddeſs of ſedater mien,
Who grac'd the nobler tragic ſcene,
Hath left the realms of taſte.—

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Th' immortal beams of Shakeſpear's fire
(The bard whom envy muſt admire)
No longer give delight;
Condemn'd by fate's ſevere decree,
His nervous muſe in chains to ſee
In ſlumb'ring chains of night.

See! See! how ſtarts th' admiring eye
Of gaping curioſity,
At ſtruggling Columbine!
How glows the fair at Slingſby's feet!
How inharmonioufly ſweet
Does fam'd Caſtrato whine!

Oh! when, Pierian nymphs, ſhall time
Deſtroy the monſter Pantomime,
Which haunts the preſent age?
And when ſhall ſound to ſenſe ſubmit,
Or when the praiſe-proud dancers quit,
For nobler gueſts the ſtage?

Yes, yes, the hero lives ('tis true!)
Who ſhall the hydra train ſubdue,
And make the muſes ſmile,
Haſte Garrick, Nature's darling, haſte,
Again let reaſon guide your taſte,
And ſenſe adorn this Iſle.——

Iſlington Dec. 1. J. N.

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On ſeeing Mr. Lloyd's Opera inſcribed to Mr. Colman.

AH! what a death of patrons in this age,
To cheriſh authors, and protect the ſtage.
The wits all rivalſhips of genius ſmother,
And dedicate their works to one another.

C. CHURCHILL.

On the 30th of November, being St. Andrew's day and the Birth-day of the Princeſs Dowager of Wales.
1765.

HAIL black November, in whoſe foggy rear
Rich Autumn lingers e'er he leaves the year,
The late ripe Catherine Peach adorns thy train,
And luſcious medlars rot beneath thy reign;
And now while Andrew and Auguſta ſmile,
Charming new ſuns to cheer our gloomy Iſle,
In the ſame flowery bed fair union ſhows,
Beautiouſly twin'd, a Thiſtle and a Roſe.

FLORUS.

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To the PRINCE *of* ORANGE, 1677.

By EDMUND WALLER *of* BEACONSFIELD.

WELCOME, great Prince, unto this land,
Skill'd in the arts of war and peace;
Your birth does call you to command,
Your nature does incline to peace.

When Holland, by her foes oppreſt,
No longer could ſuſtain their weight;
T' a native Prince they thought it beſt
To recommend their dying ſtate.

Your very name did France expell;
Thoſe conquer'd towns which lately coſt
So little blood, unto you fell
With the ſame eaſe they once were loſt.

'Twas not your force did them defeat;
They neither felt your ſword nor fire;
But ſeemed willing to retreat,
And to your greatneſs did conſpire.

Nor

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Nor have you ſince ingrateful been,
When at Seneff you did expoſe,
And at Mount Caſſal, your own men,
Whereby you might ſecure your foes.

Let Maeſtricht ſiege enlarge your name,
And your retreat at Charleroy;
Warriors by flying may gain fame,
And, Parthian-like, their foes deſtroy.

Thus Fabius gain'd repute of old,
When Roman glory gaſping lay;
In council ſlow, in action cold,
His country ſav'd, running away.

What better method could you take?
When you by Beauty's charms muſt move,
And muſt at once a progreſs make
I' th' ſtratagems of war and love.

He that a Princeſs' heart would gain,
Muſt learn ſubmiſſively to yield;
The ſtubborn ne'er their ends obtain;
The vanquiſh'd maſters are o'th' field.

Go on, brave Prince, with like ſucceſs,
Still to encreaſe your hoped renown;
Till to your conduct and addreſs,
Not to your birth, you owe a crown.

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Proud Alva, with the power of Spain,
Could not the noble Dutch enſlave;
And wiſer Parma ſtrove in vain,
For to reduce a race ſo brave.

They now thoſe very armies pay
By which they were forc'd to yield to you;
Their ancient birthright they betray,
By their own votes you them ſubdue.

Who can then liberty maintain
When by ſuch arts it is withſtood?
Freedom to Princes is a chain,
To all that ſpring from Royal Blood.

To the LUCRETIA *of* WITNEY.

BE'ST thou chaſte, or be'ſt thou fair,
As the fam'd Lucretia were!
Who'd an injury preſent
To the maid of ſweet content!

Tell me, who dare force a kiſs,
Or diſturb ſweet Alcey's bliſs:
If another Tarquin roſe,
I'm the Brutus to oppoſe.

Where's

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Where's the Satyr that dare frown?
Let me tear the monſter down!
Sure her virtues may command
High reſpect through all the land.
And when thus a ſiſter's found,
On the ſame enchanted ground,
To defend the maiden's charms,
Tarquins then can uſe no harms.
Such a friend, and ſuch a maid,
May unharm'd frequent the ſhade;
She that is with virtue dight,
Is in compleat armour bright;
And if that would not defend
Angels would from heav'n deſcend;
They are always virtue's friend.
Angels, then, attend my prayer,
Make the two your tender care!

E. T.

An EPIGRAM.

"NAY, Doll," quoth Roger, "now you're caught,
"I'll never let you go,
"'Till you conſent to—" "What?" quoth Doll.
"What? zounds! Doll, don't you know?"

She

She faintly ſcream'd—yet vow'd ſhe wou'd,
If hurt, cry out aloud;
"Ne'er fear," ſaid he, then ſeiz'd the Fair;
She ſigh'd—and ſigh'd—and vow'd!
"Didn't I ſay true?" quoth Roger, "hah!"
"Me you need never doubt;
"Well! did I hurt you now?" Or pray,"
Quoth Doll, "did I cry out?"

Hellidon. MUSARUM AMICUS.

A SONG.

By H. KELLY.

THO' Chloe poſſeſſes a form,
Which the loves have ſurpriſingly dreſs'd;
And a face that might eaſily warm,
All the blood of an anchorite's breaſt;

Yet a temper ſo really bad,
No waſte of perfection can hide;
And the baggage will make a man mad,
With th' exceſs of her folly and pride.

On

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On the ſtrength of her beauty and years,
To judgment ſhe lays a pretence;
Tho' her mind is a blank that appears
Unimprov'd by a dawning of ſenſe.

Without knowing a letter, ſhe's read;
Without wit or good humour, ſhe's ſmart!
And in ſhort has a very weak head,
With a mean and a miſchievous heart.

Yet no youth can reſiſt a degree
Of agreeable pain and ſurpriſe;
But let him once know her, like me,
And I warrant he'll quickly deſpiſe.

THE POETICAL MORALIST.

By the ſame.

NOW fam'd Martinico has crown'd us with bays,
And bow'd to the lords of the wave;
The hand that beſtow'd, let us gratefully praiſe,
And acknowledge the bounty which gave.

For

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For the bleſſings thy mercy ſo frequently pours,
Be prais'd, O Exiſtence divine!
For tho' the advantage muſt always be ours,
Yet the honour and glory are thine.

Learn hence, O ye ſtates, who have tyrants withſtood,
In a being ſo gracious to truſt;
For his favour is always attending the good,
And his mercy protecting the juſt.

Whilſt reſtleſs ambition, which peace would invade,
And her time in contention employ,
Is caught in the ſnare which ſhe artfully laid,
And ſubdu'd where ſhe though to deſtroy.

A THUNDER STORM.

SAD ſick'ning ſcene! creation's light
Behind yon' ſable ſhroud retires;
Gives heaven the wrinkled brow of night,
E'er day with hoary age expires,

From eaſt to weſt, in dread array,
The clouds, commiſſion'd from on high,
Great Nature's hallow'd ſoul obey,
And gloom the concave of the ſky.

Forewarn'd

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Forewarn'd by inſtinct's tender care
Her plumy pupils check their ſtrains,
To ſhelt'ring thickets ſtrait repair,
Depopulating diſtant plains.

The mutt'ring thunder ſtrikes alarm,
The clouds big ſigns of ſorrow weep;
To reach the neighb'ring friendly farm,
The fear-ſtruck ſhepherd quits his ſheep.

To wake the ſinner's ſleepy ſoul,
The vivid flaſhes ghaſtly glare;
Long peals of rattling thunder roll,
And ſhake the tempeſt-troubled air.

Now ruſhing cataracts deſcend,
To calm the elemental fray;
The golden ſheaves of harveſt bend,
And fruits in rich confuſion lay.

The pool expands its narrow ſpace,
With circling ſurface ſwiftly ſwells,
O'erflows its native pebbly vaſe,
And through the mead with rage impels.

See, ſee! yon' ivy-mantled oak,
Like ſome gigantick hero, fall;
Nor waits the woodman's wearied ſtroke,
But ſhiv'ring ſheaths the flying ball.

And hark! that voice arreſts my ears
  Which firſt proclaim'd th' Almighty will;
From chaos call'd the ſparkling ſpheres,
  The oracle of Sinai's hill.

To me it ſpeaks a breathing duſt,
  Invites my heart, entomb'd in ſin,
To ſeek the portion of the juſt,
  And wreaths of deathleſs laurels win.

And ſhall I not the call obey?
  Shall mornleſs night my ſoul confound?
O God! ſtrike terror deep to-day,
  While heaven and mercy's to be found.

So when the death-dethroning peal
  Shall ſummon nature to her tomb,
May thou affix Salvation's ſeal,
  And ſnatch me from the ſinner's doom!

Cambridge. J. HOPE.

By the late Lord Cheſterfield to his Son.

WOULD you engage the lovely fair?
  With gentleſt manners treat her;
With tender looks, and graceful air,
  In ſofteſt accents greet her.

Verſe

Verſe were but vain, the muſes fail,
Without the graces aid;
The god of verſe could not prevail
To ſtop the flying maid.

Attention by attentions gain,
And merit care by cares;
So ſhall the nymph reward your pain,
And Venus crown your pray'rs.

The underwritten Lines are copied from the original Will of the late Nathaniel Lloyd Eſq. who died a few weeks ſince at his ſeat at Twickenham, in Middleſex.

WHAT I am going to bequeath,
When this frail part ſubmits to death;
But ſtill I hope the ſpark divine
With its cogenial ſtars will ſhine:
My good executors fulfil,
I pray ye, fairly, my laſt will,
With firſt and ſecond codicil!

And firſt, I give to dear Lord Hinton,
At Twyford ſchool now, not at Winton,

One

One hundred guineas for a ring,
Or ſome ſuch memorandum thing;
And truly much I ſhould have blunder'd,
Had I not given another hundred
To Vere, Earl Poulet's ſecond ſon,
Who dearly loves a little fun.

Unto my nephew, Robert Longdon,
Of whom none ſays he e'er has wrong done;
Tho' civil law he loves to haſh,
I give two hundred pounds in caſh.

One hundred pounds to my niece, Tudor;
(With loving eyes one Matthew view'd her)
And to her children juſt among 'em,
A hundred more; and not to wrong 'em,
In equal ſhares I freely give it,
Not doubting but they will receive it.

To Sally Crouch and Mary Lee,
If they with Lady Poulet be,
Becauſe they round the year did dwell
In Twick'nham-houſe, and ſerv'd full well,
When Lord and Lady both did ſtray
Over the hills and far away;
The firſt ten pounds, the other twenty;
And, girls, I hope that will content ye.

In ſeventeen hundred ſixty-nine,
This with my hand I write and ſign;

The

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The ſixteenth day of fair October,
In merry mood, but ſound and ſober;
Paſt my threeſcore and fifteenth year,
With ſpirits gay and conſcience clear;
Joyous and frolickſome, tho' old,
And, like this day, ſerene, but cold;
To foes well wiſhing, and to friends moſt kind,
In perfect charity with all mankind.

The CHARACTERISTICS *of a* GOOD WIFE.

Who can find a virtuous Woman?

THE nymph I chuſe to make me bleſt,
Muſt be of every charm poſſeſt;
Of perfect ſhape, and perfect feature,
The prettieſt, ſweeteſt, faireſt creature
That e'er exiſted in all Nature.
Her ſpeech and judgment (always right)
Should draw attention ſtill as night;
Her mind, of deeper penetration
Than all the Newtons in the nation;
Her language, warm'd with nobler fire
Than did Demoſthenes inſpire;

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Nor can ſhe e'er complete my choice,
Unleſs ſhe ſings with angel voice—
A voice, that more ſhall charm my ears
Than all the muſic of the ſpheres;
Her breath, more ſweet than all the hoſt
Of ſpices on Arabia's coaſt;
Her ſparkling eyes, exceeding far
The brightneſs of the brighteſt ſtar.
To the fine ringlets of her hair
Nothing in Nature muſt compare;
Her boſom, of a purer white
Than ever bleſt a mortal's ſight;
A hand that lilies would diſgrace,
Exceeded only by her face,
Where Beauty's tints muſt all combine,
And roſe and lily far out-ſhine;
Her virtues more than fiction paints
On all the rolls of Popiſh ſaints;
Her motions, form'd of every grace
That e'er adorn'd the virgin race;
Her exquiſite proportions, ſuch
That none can view or praiſe too much;
And yet that view untempting be
To every mortal man but me.
Her honour and her fortune clear,
At leaſt ten thouſand pounds a year;

Which

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Which ſure would more enhance my love
Than all the beauties ſung above.
Nay, wonder not! ſince all allow,
Gold is the *ſummum bonum* now;
And all agree, that pomp and wealth
Are better far than fame or health.
I'd find a thouſand nameleſs charms
Inclos'd in her enchanting arms.
Fair Roſamond, in all her glory,
So bright, ſo fair, ſo fam'd in ſtory;
Nay, Venus ſelf, ſhould only be
My fair-one's faint epitome.
When ſuch I find, I'll fall before her,
Nor blame me, Gods! if I adore her;
But frankly own, it is my duty
To worſhip ſo much worth and beauty:
Of whom poſſeſt, what mortal can
But own himſelf a happy man?

Hellidon, 1774. MUSARUM AMICUS.

Epitaph intended by Mr. Dryden *for his Wife.*

HERE lies my wife: here let her lie;
Now ſhe's at reſt, and ſo am I.

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An ELEGY *on* MRS. BOWES, *

By LADY M. W. MONTAGUE.

HAIL happy bride! for thou art truly bleſt,
Three months of pleaſure crown'd with endleſs reſt!
Merit like yours was heavn's peculiar care;
You lov'd—yet taſted happineſs ſincere:
The ſweets of love to you were only ſhewn,
The ſure, ſucceeding, bitter dregs unknown.
You had not yet the fatal change deplor'd,
The tender lover for th' imperious lord;
Nor felt the pangs that jealous fondneſs brings,
Nor wept the coldneſs from poſſeſſion ſprings.
Above your ſex diſtinguiſh'd in your fate,
You truſted, yet experienc'd no deceit.
Swift were your hours, and wing'd with pleaſure flew;
No vain repentance gave a ſigh to you:
And, if ſuperior bliſs heav'n can beſtow,
With fellow angels you enjoy it now.

* Mrs. Bowes was the firſt Wife of Mr. Bowes, Father to the preſent Lady Strathmore.

On

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On Lady Mary Montague's Verſes upon the death of Mrs. Bowes.

CHLOE her thoughts has ſo expreſt,
Each choſen word ſo juſtly put,
And yet how neat ſoe'er they're dreſt,
We through the lawn may ſee the ſmut.

Such lechery dreſt up ſo clean,
And with ſo chaſte a look,
Is hardly to be——or ſeen
But under Chloe's ſ—ck.

The Anſwer to Lady Mary's Verſes on Mrs. Bowes.

THO' every one knows
The fate of poor Bowes,
Yet doctors about it do vary;
Some make a ſad face,
And pity her caſe:
'Tis the envy of good Lady Mary.

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She ſays, ſhe don't know
How heaven can beſtow
  Any joy like the death of that bride;
Whence ſome people ſay,
Could ſhe chuſe her own way,
  Before now ſhe had certainly dy'd.

But here lies the miſtake,
If her ſenſe ſhe would ſpeak;
  Her meaning appears but too plain;
She would always be trying,
But to Bowes leaves the dying,
  Her choice is to live in the pain.

On GOOD HUMOUR.

By the late LORD LYTTELTON.

TELL me, ye ſons of Phœbus, what is this
  Which all admire, but few, too few poſſeſs?
A virtue 'tis to antient maids unknown,
And prudes, who ſpy all faults except their own:
Lov'd and defended by the brave and wiſe,
Tho' knaves abuſe it, and like fools deſpiſe.

Say,

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Say, Wyndham, if 'tis poſſible to tell
What is the thing in which you moſt excel?
Hard is the queſtinon—for in all you pleaſe;
Yet ſure good-nature is your nobleſt praiſe.
Secur'd by this your parts no envy move;
For none can envy him whom all muſt love.
This magick pow'r can make e'en folly pleaſe:
This to Pitt's genius adda a brighter grace,
And ſweetens ev'ry charm in Cælia's face.

The STAGE COACH.

In imitation of Mr. Bourn's Uſus Quadrigarum.

RESOLVED to viſit far a diſtant friend,
A porter to the Bull-and-Gate I ſend,
And bid the ſlave, at all events, engage
Some place or other in the Cheſter-ſtage:
The ſlave returns—It's done as ſoon as ſaid,
Your honour's ſure, when once the money's paid.
My brother whip, impatient of delay,
Puts to at Three and ſwears he cannot ſtay:
Rous'd from ſound ſleep, thrice call'd, at length I riſe,
Yawning ſtretch out my arms, half clos'd my eyes;

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By ſteps and lanthorn, enter the machine,
And take my place, moſt cordially! between
Two aged matrons of exceſſive bulk,
To mend the matter two of meaner folk;
While, in like mode, jam'd in on t'other ſide,
A bully-captain and a fair one ride.
Fooliſh as fair, and in whoſe lap a boy,
—Our plague eternal, but her only joy.
At laſt, the glorious number to complete,
Steps in my Landlord for that bodkin ſeat.

When ſoon, by every hillock, rutt, and ſtone,
Into each others face by turns we're thrown:
This gran'am ſcolds, that coughs, the captain ſwears,
The fair-one ſcreams and has a thouſand fears.
While our plump landlord train'd in other lore,
Slumbers at eaſe, not yet aſham'd to ſnore.
And maſter Dickey, in his mother's lap,
Squaling, brings up at once three meals of pap.
Sweet company; next time I do proteſt, Sir,
I'll walk to Dublin e'er I ride to Cheſter.

IGNAVUM PECUS.

Copy

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Copy of a Will found in the houſe of an old Batchelor lately deceas'd.

WITH a mind quite at eaſe, in the ev'ning of life,
Unencumber'd with children, relations, or wife;
Not in friendſhip with one ſingle creature alive,
I make my laſt will, in the year ſixty five;
How I leave my affairs, though I care not a ſtraw,
Leſt a Grocer ſhould ſtart up my true heir at law;
Or of ſuch in default, which would prove a worſe thing,
My lands, unbequeath'd, ſhould revert to the K--g:
I give and bequeath, be it firſt underſtood,
I'm a friend, and firm friend to the general good;
And odd as I ſeem, was remark'd, from my youth,
A ſtickler at all times for honour and truth:
To Sandwich the peer, for his mirth-making catches,
And for aiding his friends in the warrant diſpatches;
For a life of example ſo great in the end,
Through intereſt led to betray his old friend;
To Norton, the bully and ſcourge of the law,
Whoſe art is to make, then be paid for a flaw;
Who impartially pleads, and with juſtice decides,
Who takes without ſcruple a fee from both ſides—

I give

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I give now, I ſay, all my pers'nal affairs,
With my lands in fee-ſimple to them and their heirs:
As I mean in this act in a word to ſet forth
My real attachment to honour and worth,
It's true I might give (ſo may many more ſtill)
A mite or two more to our patriot Will;
But there's brother Pynſent, withall not to mention
How warm the boy is with his Majeſty's penſion.

LIBER.

Compariſon between FELTON *and* CURTIUS.

WHEN earth yawn'd wide to ſwallow antient Rome,
Curtius leap'd in, and clos'd the threat'ning doom.
When England mourn'd a tyrant favorite's pride,
Felton the tyrant favorite ſmote, and died.
Great both! but thus the laſt we greateſt find,
Who ſtrikes a tyrant ſtrikes for all mankind.
Beſides, the Roman, vain of glory's breath,
'Midſt 'plauding thouſands plung'd to inſtant death;
But the bold Briton dar'd, with equal flame,
A martyr's ſuff'rings and a martyr's ſhame.

The

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The TIM WHISKY,

A Journey to Oxford. To Capt. G. T *at Cave*, 1765.
By Capt. E. T—— n.

THE lord have mercy on us all!
But good or bad theſe things will fall
Between the cup and lip,
To Oxford we deſign to ſteer,
A Whiſky muſt convey us here,
And I the brother whip.

" A Whiſky! Lord forgive you, Ned!
" And go to night to Maidenhead?
" Not I upon my life.
" Think how the folks, my dear, will ſtare
" To ſee us in a one-horſe chair:
" Conſider—I'm your wife.

" But love—my dear—the ſcheme was yours:
" Come, come, lets try it a few hours,
" Me you may always truſt:
" I ſhoudn't have thought of that indeed,
" The ſhabby thing's the mark of need,
" But if I muſt,—I muſt!"

The

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The point concluded, in we get:
" The filthy thing—I cannot ſet:
" Lord! when one truſts to you,
" The conſequence is always this—
" My ſtars! I'll not be ſeen by miſs—
" In ſuch a tub for Kew."

Away we go, jehup, jehu!
But madam never looks aſhew,
For fear ſhe ſhould be known;
Advent'rous, I, like Phaeton,
Trundle the lovely whiſky on
To duſty Hounſlow town.

But there, alas! the reſtiff hack,
Plumps o'er a poſt, then runs us back,
While madam ſqualls and cries,
" Give me the reins, I'll drive myſelf
" Oh, heavens! ſuch a ſtupid elf;
" I'll teach the brute to riſe."

Away we go, with no ſmall fear,
All ſmoak the charming charioteer,
Flogging her crippled mouſe;
At laſt our nag grows callous quite,
Minds not our whips, or kicks, or ſpite,
But ſtops—at every houſe.

Weary

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Weary at laſt of patriot pains,
She, Stateſman-like, reſigns the reins
To my more able hand;
For who wou'd pull againſt the tide?
Or chaiſe, or people, drive or ride,
In this d---d duſty land?

With much a-do we March's reach,
Where for a full half hour we preach;
But can't get room, or ſtall;
For Mr. Pitt, and Lord knows who,
From Court, from Stowe, and Looton Hoo,
Had occupied them all.

"The world's before us, where to chuſe
"Our place of reſt,"—alas! my Muſe,
Thy Pegaſus is lead;
Poor Dobbin, ev'ry ſtep he goes,
Flounders upon his knees and noſe,
Not quite alive, or dead.

The Hart we reach, and ſupper get,
Attended by an hoyden Bet,
And ſerv'd with ſtinking lamb;
Madam ſcrews up her noſe and pouts,
Ned eats, and ſwears, and growls, and ſhouts,
"Scrub!"---"Coming Sir."---"A dram!"

Early

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Early the following morn we riſe,
And ſcratch and rub our duſty eyes,
  Remount the Phaeton,
Whipping, ſtamping, dry and wet,
Poiſon'd with duſt, half dead with ſweat,
  We crawl to Oxford Town.

The ſix-foot hoſteſs at the Bear
Toſs'd up her noſe and head in air—
  " Supper at ſuch an hour!
" My ſtars and garters, who wou'd be,
" To have ſuch gueſts, a landlady,
  " That had it in their power?"

At Nettlebed, at the Red Lyon,
There is a houſe you may rely on
  Where we'd good meat and wine;
But here, alas! like College fools,
We muſt ſubmit to college rules,
  And pack to bed at nine.

Oxford, for learning very dear,
But ſtill a town of wretched cheer,
  A town to thoſe ſcarce civil
Who're muſter'd on the college rolls——
A Town, with Chriſt Church, and All Souls,
  But not without the devil.

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Say ſhall the muſe advent'rous riſe
To thoſe high ſpires which mate the ſkies,
With her Dædalian wing?
There, like Aſmodeus, ſhall ſhe ſit,
And mark what's bad and what is fit,
To whiſper, write, and ſing?—

---Yes, at ſome more convenient time;
But now we're bankrupt in our rhime;
Therefore muſt humbly crave,
That you our compliments will bear,
With all that eaſe you're known to ſhare,
To every friend at Cave.

HYMN.

To PROSPERITY.

By Miſs SALLY CARTER.

CELESTIAL maid! receive this pray'r,
If e'er thy beam divine
Should gild the brow of toiling care,
And bleſs a hut like mine.

Let

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Let humble worth, without a fear,
Approach my ready door,
Nor let me ever ſee a tear,
Regardleſs, from the poor!

O bleſs me with an honeſt mind,
Above all ſelfiſh ends,
Humanely warm to all mankind,
And cordial to my friends.

With conſcious truth and honour ſtill
My actions let me guide,
And give no fear, but that of ill,
No ſcorn, but that of pride.

Thus form'd, thus happy, let me dare
On Heav'n's dread King to gaze,
Conclude my night in ardent pray'r,
And wake my morn with praiſe.

That hence my ſoul may hope to prove
The utmoſt ſaints can know;
And ſhare his gracious ſmile above,
Whoſe laws ſhe kept below.

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TUNBRIDGE VERSES.

To Miſs Frederick ſinging and playing on the Harpſichord.

By Mr. CHARLES FOX.

WHEN Orpheus touch'd the trembling ſtring,
He tam'd, as antient poets ſing,
The Lybian lyon's rage;
He could the foreſt from the hill
Move downwards, bending to his will;
And the loud ſtorm aſſuage,

The lift'ning Dolphin willing bore
Arion to the friendly ſhore,
Charm'd with his lenient ſong:
And while he ſoftly ſung and play'd,
The ſweet muſician ſafe convey'd
The threat'ning waves along.

But, Frederick, when thou ſtrik'ſt the cord,
Phœbus himſelf, in juſt reward
For merit ſuch as thine,
Attunes thy voice, directs thy lyre,
And bids each ſiſter muſe admire,
Leſt ſhe with envy pine.——

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MORNING TWILIGHT.

Written at that Seaſon.

ALONG the turfy heath, cool blows the gale,
And dewy odours ſcent the morning air;
No ſound I hear, ſave from the willow'd vale
The tinkle of a brook—that murmurs there!

In lonely ſilence wrapt, yon little mill
Looks penſive, as the moulder'd pile below;
Shades hide the foreſt, and the miſty hill
Still keeps retiring night upon its brow!
O'er the chill earth, all comfortleſs! I tread!
The eye of Nature beams in other ſkies:
I'll ſeek yon bending mountain's lofty head,
And peep upon his beauties ere he riſe!

Forbear!---expiring ſtars proclaim him nigh,
Faintly they wink, and loſe their ſilver light;
The ſtreaky orient wears a deepen'd dye;
Green looks the upland and the river bright!

O'er

O'er the brown wood he ſheds a trembling ray,
And with his treſſes wipes the tearful thorn;
Shrill ſoars the lark, to greet the early day,
And herald to the world return of morn!

Aug. 22, 1776. W. P.

The PARTING: Le PARTENZA.

From METASTASIO.

ADIEU, my fair!---this hapleſs day
Tears me from all my joys away.
Remov'd from love and thee,
Who knows---O cauſe of all my pain,
If thou wilt hear me once complain,
Or loſe one thought on me.

Yet, to regain my loſt repoſe,
My penſive mind ſhall ſooth its woes,
For ever fix'd on thee;
On thee ſhall every thought attend,
But wilt thou ever condeſcend
To fix one thought on me?

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On diſtant ſhores my mournful groans
Shall aſk the melancholy ſtones,
  Where can my charmer be?
From morn to eve my ſearch ſhall laſt,
But who can tell if thou wilt caſt
  One ſingle thought on me?

In fancied ſcenes the happy ſpot,
Where thou and bliſs were once my lot,
  My cheated mind ſhall ſee;
A thouſand thoughts ſhall wake my pain,
But who can tell if thou wilt deign
  To fix one thought on me?

" There ſhall I ſay, in yonder grove,
" To all my tender tales of love
  " Diſdainfull would ſhe be;
" Yet ſoon her gentle hand I preſt,
" Again I hop'd,---but can her breaſt
  " Retain one thought on me?"

Where'er thou goeſt, in every land,
What num'rous ſlaves to thy command
  Thy conquering eyes ſhall ſee,
Ye gods, who know, if fair and young,
Thy heart, mid'ſt ſuch a flatt'ring throng,
  Will keep one thought for me?

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Yet think thy lover's only aim
Was a pure, generous, mutual flame,
  Ah! what his pains muſt be:
Think what he feels at this farewell,
Think, deareſt maid,---ah! who can tell,
  If e'er thoul't think on me?

SONNET.

To Mr. WARTON, *on his* POEMS.

OFT had I heard, as if in fairy dream,
  Thy melody's romantick murmurs glide
  Down lonely Cherwell's flow'ry-fringed tide;
What time the weſtern ſun's bright quiv'ring beam,
Tiſſu'd with radiant gold her dimply ſtream,
  Or the penn'd flocks had left the grey hill's ſide.
  Then, as each mellow trill at diſtance dy'd,
In haſte, ſweet bard, full ſimply did I deem,

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Such viſionary ſhapes had ſwept the wire,
That in the purple miſts of ev'ning play,
Near haunted vale, and join in airy quire,
Chanting ſoft requiems to the parting day.---
O! then---once more awake thy golden lyre,
And charm wild Echo with thy magic lay!

RHAPSODY *to* TASTE,

On ſeeing the Dutcheſs of Devonſhire in full Dreſs.

By Lord C——

COME, thou goddeſs fair and free,
Whom the meek nymph, Simplicity,
To the ſon of Maia bore,
And nurs'd upon th' Athenian ſhore,
Then to thy ſire her charge reſign'd,
Who to ſuch elegance of mind
Added, whatever poliſh'd eaſe
Could give, and all the arts to pleaſe:
Whether on Reynolds (beauty's friend)
Thou bidd'ſt every grace attend;

Or

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Or ſmiling doſt in ſportive ſong
Hail the great gueſt of Kien-Long: *
Hither, various goddeſs, haſte,
Boundleſs, inimitable taſte,
And ſave thoſe charms from faſhion's tawdry reign,
Which Nature gave to Dev'n, and gave in vain---
From her cumbrous forehead tear
The architecture of her hair,
But leave one ſnow-white plume, to ſhew
It faintly mocks the neck below---
Snatch from her lips th' immodeſt guile
Of affectation's conſtant ſmile,
And on her cheek replace the roſe,
Which, pale and wan, no longer glows
With all that beauty, youth, and love,
Could copy from ſome ſaint above---
Would ſhe promiſe real bliſs,
Bid her ſeem but what ſhe is:
Or, if lovelier ſtill ſhe'd be,
From Granby learn to worſhip thee.

Lincoln's-Inn New-ſquare.

* Sir William Chambers.

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The following addreſs to the Public was ſpoken by Mrs. Barry *the firſt time ſhe appeared on the Stage after the death of her Huſband, and before the Tragedy of Douglas.*

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

WITH every hope a veſſel ſails away,
Soft ſwells the breeze, and cloudleſs breaks the day;
Till riſing winds the raging deep deform,
And the bark ſhatter'd ſinks beneath the ſtorm!
Such is my fate---fair gales my canvaſs ſpread,
Till the charg'd tempeſt burſt upon my head;
Of the lov'd pilot of my life bereft,
Save your protection, not a hope is left:
Without that peace your kindneſs can impart,
Nothing can calm this ſorrow-beaten heart.
When bounty on the feeling mind firſt flow'd,
Then ſprung the boſom's faireſt flower, and blow'd;
Angels with rapture the bleſt produce view'd,
For from Benevolence roſe Gratitude.
Urg'd by my duty I have ventur'd here---
But how for Douglas can I ſhed a tear?
When real griefs the burden'd boſom preſs,
Can it raiſe ſighs feign'd ſorrows to expreſs?

In

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In vain will Art from Nature help implore,
When Nature for herſelf exhauſts her ſtore.
The tree cut down to which ſhe clung and grew,
Behold the propleſs Woodbine bends to you;
Your ſoft'ring pow'r will ſpread protection round,
And, though ſhe droops, may raiſe her from the ground.

The following Poem was taken from an old Manuſcript dated 1649.

On ſeeing a large number of Crows flying about the higheſt part of the great Tower of York Minſter.

WHAT ſwarms of Crows, in black array,
Around yon' tower's high ſummit play,
In various antick maze!
Whilſt Lord-like one, perch'd on the cock,
The croaking, buſy, vulgar flock
With dignity ſurveys!

'Tis tranſmigration all;---for thoſe
High-flying, croaking, chaunting crows,
Were black-gowns once I trow;
And he that on the throne ſeems plac'd,
With dioceſan honours grac'd,
Govern'd the ſwarms below.

Their

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Their human paſſions they retain,
Greedy, carnivorous, and vain,
Still rooking from each other;
For tho' as black-gowns they combin'd
To fleece and rook from all mankind,
They rook'd each from his brother:

From Prieſt Precentor;---whilſt the Dean
From the Precentor rook'd again;
Nor Dean we ſafe might call;
For, as Lord Paramount, his Grace,
Premier Cock-Rooker of the place,
Might ſafely rook from all!

York. Poco.

TOASTS.

To Mrs. LACY.

HERE, Vulcan! huſband to the Queen of Love,
Now on the gobkets thou haſt made improve;
Make one ſuperior to old Neſtor's bowl,
That we may drink her health from pole to pole;

For,

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For one, confeſs'd the faireſt of the fair,
Demands our love, our praiſes, and our care.
Deſcribe, old Vulcan, on the ſwelling ſide,
Fam'd Zeuxis painting high Crotona's * pride;
The artiſts pencil, and the virgin throng,
And Bacchants reeling to the tipſy ſong.
But let one beauty by herſelf be ſeen,
As Dian ſober, modeſt, and ſerene;
And let her be more beauteous than the three
Whom Paris view'd at Ida's Coterie; †
Fairer than her, whoſe moſt bewitching charms
Burnt Troy to aſhes, and rais'd Greece to arms,
The court of Jove ſuch beauties cannot boaſt;
Such Helen was, and ſuch the dame we toaſt!

E. T.

* Five Virgins of Crotona ſat to Zeuxis for his Helen.

† The judgment of Paris, when Venus, Juno, and Minerva, contended in beauty on the top of Mount Ida.

The CENSURE of the WORLD.

An ELEGY.

YES! ſure 'tis here that pride, that folly reigns:
I'll bid the low, cenſorious world farewel,
And bend my courſe to yonder verdant plains,
Where peace, where innocence, where candour dwell.

Ye

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Ye heav'n-born three! your vot'ry there ſhall raiſe
A green-turf altar to each honour'd name;
In artleſs ſtrains there celebrate your praiſe,
And loſe, perchance, th' applauſe he cannot claim.

Ye chearful ſongſters that awake the morn,
And ſooth my ſoul with wild mellifluous airs;
Ye aged oaks, that yonder hills adorn,
Beneath your ſhades will I forget my cares.

Far hence ſhall maſqu'd hypocriſy remove,
The bluſh of conſcious guilt be never known;
Nor ſuperſtition dare pollute the grove,
But virtue come a reſident alone.

Let luxury deſpiſe my homely lot,
And vanity contemplate gilded dooms;
Content transforms to palaces a cot,
And virtue brings true greatneſs where ſhe comes.

Thus Damon ſung, when Lycidas paſt by.
" Are theſe thy ſtrains, my much-lov'd friend?" he cri
" What ſcenes hath fancy pictur'd to thine eye?
" To fairy dreams—Elyſian groves allied!

" True—ſmall regard is paid to worth ſublime,
" And modeſt merit walks unheeded by:
" But ſhall we live in this unfriendly clime,
" And wonder at a cold and low'ring ſky?

"

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" Yet let not mean, inglorious eaſe, my friend,
" Tempt thee the ſocial duties to forego;
" The calls of mild benevolence attend,
" Direct the blind, and chear the ſouls of woe.

" Shall venom'd ſlander damp that ſacred fire
" Which warms the breaſt inviolately pure?
" No!—brighter bid the heav'nly flame aſpire——
" 'Tis noble to be good, and to endure!"

The CONTRAST, *a* VISION.

Addreſſed to Lord ST--NL--Y.

YE peers, ye pimps, by paſſion toſt,
In folly's boundleſs ocean loſt,
To reaſon's dictates blind;
Whom vice with powerful hand conveys
Thro' the dark paths of error's maze,
Great ſovereign of the mind!

For

For once the moral tale befriend,
The tale experience dares commend,
With ſage inſtruction fraught:
For you I write, for you I live,
To you the wholeſome precepts give,
And labour of my thought.

'Twas night; and Riot ſought her bed,
With heavy eyes and aching head,
The charms of ſleep to ſhare:
When lo! at fancy's call I roſe,
Freed from the arms of ſoft repoſe,
To taſte the gall of care.

Swift as the winged winter's wind,
I fled (nor left a thought behind)
Where fancy ſmooth'd the way;
Her hand a milk-white rod ſuſtain'd,
By which her power ſhe maintain'd,
And made the world obey.

Three times ſhe wav'd her potent rod;
I ſaw the ſubject atoms nod,
Obedient to her will:
When lo! the form of Boſworth-field,
Amaz'd I inſtantly beheld,
Drawn by her magick ſkill.

In

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In hoſtile ſtate the armies ſtood,
The bluſhing meadows ſmok'd with blood,
O may they ſmoke no more!
Repuls'd, repulſing, each in turn,
I ſaw grim war vindictive burn,
And peace eſcape the ſhore.

High o'er the reſt in valour great
Stood one (his ſword impell'd by fate,)
The eldeſt born of fame:
A hardy vet'ran form he bore,
As Britons boaſted heretofore,
And *Stanley* was his name.

Where'er he mov'd with daring ſtride,
Grim death hard labour'd at his ſide,
Whilſt fortune bore his ſhield;
E'en fredom ſhed a languid ſmile,
Whilſt palid envy, choak'd with bile,
Deſpairing fled the field.

Pleas'd I beheld the patriot's zeal
Eſpouſe his drooping country's weal,
And gain the world's applauſe;
I ſaw fair liberty reſtor'd,
Saw uſurpation drop her ſword,
And he the mighty cauſe.

" Goddeſs,

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" Goddeſs, enough, enough!" I ſaid,
And ſtraight the airy viſion fled,
Nor left a wreck behind:
When lo! a garden I deſcried,
In all the charms of modern pride,
By frolick taſte deſign'd.

High on a throne of ſtate ſupreme,
Where gentle folly loves to dream,
Sat faſhion, powerful dame!
In coſtly ſilks of various dyes,
She caught her ſenſeleſs vot'ries eyes
With faſcinating aim.

Smit with the magick of her ſong,
Beneath her ſtandard millions throng,
And own their ſov'reign's pow'r:
The young, the old, the wit, the fool,
Take their degrees in faſhion's ſchool,
The pupils of an hour.

Awhile methought I view'd the dame,
When lo! another ST—NL--Y came,
To charm my roving brain:
A thing he was by art refin'd,
He ſcarce would battle with the wind,
Or face a ſtorm of rain.

Mild

Mild as the ſummer's pureſt breeze,
That ſcarcely ſhakes the talleſt trees,
The gentle Lordling was:
Ah! how unlike his hardy ſire,
When, big with freedom's ſacred fire,
He labour'd in her cauſe!

But ſee, again, with honeſt rage,
He comes—the hero of his age,
In pride of manhood dreſt!
Awhile contemptuous he ſurveys
The foppery of modern days,
Then ſmites his manly breaſt.

"Degenerate boy!" the hero cry'd,
"Thou fatal period to my pride,
"Of noble blood the ſtain!
"What are the glories thou haſt wrought,
"Where are the laurels thou haſt bought,
"Thy country's love to gain?

"With patriot ardour bravely fir'd,
"What trophies hath thy arm acquir'd,
"The boaſt of future times?
"Has virtue own'd thy foſt'ring hand?
"Or vice, appall'd at thy command,
"Fled to remoter climes?

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" O ſenſeleſs boy, eſtrang'd and blind
" To all that's noble and refin'd,
" To folly's ſteps ally'd!
" If not too late—O yet ariſe,
" 'Gainſt faſhion's magick guard thy eyes,
" With reaſon for thy guide!

" So may'ſt thou yet regain the fame
" That erſt adorn'd a *Stanley's* name,
" To that my wiſhes tend:
" Ages unborn ſhall ſing thy praiſe,
" And hand thee down to lateſt days,
" As patriot, father, friend."

An Epiſtle from a Midſhipman in the Navy to his Meſſmate, on the Admiralty order for the alteration of the Captains Uniform.

SO, you ſee by the papers, at laſt, my boy Ned,
That this mountain of mountains is now brought to bed!
The labour was hard, though the birth it was ſmall;
'Tis a button produc'd through a wee button-hole.

Da

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Dan Sandwich, that ſenſible, ſmiling old wag,
Of our captain's diſputes and reſolves he would brag;
And calmly would ſay, as he cut off his mutton,
"They're not to be fear'd who can't ſettle a button."
However, for once he hath thrown out a fable;
For the button's come forth with an anchor and cable:
And this proves the captains all lubbers, my cock,
Two turns of the cable they've got round the ſtock;
But they, cunning wags! to get clear of the thing,
Moſt kindly gave out, it was made by the ——.
Now, 'tis cruel to ſay it, ſuppoſing it true;
For what could he learn by the naval review?
His mind was with every rarity ſtruck—
What ſurpriſe he declar'd at the boy on the truck!
And when that the boy wav'd his hat like a vane,
With true condeſcenſion he wav'd his again!
And therefore I ſay, that the ſailors are wrong
To make a good monarch the tune of their ſong.
But this coat is the thing that perplexes us all,
And the uniform, now, by whoſe name muſt we call?
For you know in the cauſe, too, that many a ſailor
Stood forth, from the liſt, to aſſiſt as the taylor.
But who is the father I cannot find out;
The midwife is Stevens, who hands it about.
It is none of your Hawkes, your Saunders, or Kepples;
They know nothing of collars, cuffs, buttons, or lappels;

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They are ſailors, not taylors; they'll ſtick by their meſs;
If they can't rigg a captain—a Frenchman they'll dreſs.
Some delicate Mizen hath trim'd up our blue,
For we're all macaronies from earing to clue.
Twelve holes are allowed to ev'ry commander;
No more to creep out at had great Alexander.
Theſe holes are diſtinguiſh'd by two's and by threes,
That the ranks may be known on the ſhores and the ſeas.
They have now full allowance, I think, my good cozen!
Thirteen they have got—a complete baker's dozen:
And holes he hath plenty, in times known ſo frail,
Who hath twelve in his coat—beſides one in his—

WILL WINDLACE.

The GARRULOUS MAN,

A PARODY *upon* L'ALLEGRO *of* MILTON,

Addreſſed to Mr. and Mrs. MILLER.

By Mr. SCHOMBERG *Jun.*

HENCE ſheepiſh diffidence,
Whom Chloe meek to ſimple Strephon bore
On Albion's weſtern ſhore
In dull November, nurſe of vapours denſe,

Find

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Find out ſome ſecret cell
Where ſquint ſuſpicion ſpreads its jealous wings,
And ſtrict Duenna ſings.
There ſafe with ſtarch'd old-maids and double locks
As ſtiff as in the ſtocks,
With tawdry aunts and buckram tabbies dwell!

But come thou goddeſs pert and free,
By vulgars call'd, GARRULITY,
And by belle and macaroni
Heart-eaſing converſazione,
Thee, on fair Italia's ſhore
In Arno's vale Tatlanti bore:
Or rather did ſome Gallic ſwain
Upon the lively banks of Seine,
One ſummer's eve in gaudy dreſs
A gay coquet with warm embrace
Fill with thee a daughter fair
Buxom, blithe and debonair.
Before twelve golden ſuns could run
Their courſe round heaven's ſtar-ſpangled zone,
Thou from thy careful mother's ſide
Didſt roam through diſtant countries wide;
Till wand'ring near the mountains hoar
That riſe on Greenland's icy ſhore,
Thy voice was heard awhile to chee
The rigour of the ſtormy year;

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When the gaunt giant of the north
Pour'd his frozen legions forth.
The twilight air was hush'd! grim froſt
" With gliſtering icicles imboſt,"
Chill'd every breeze, and every ſound
In adamantine fetters bound,
And ſunk thy tender form below
The light down of the driven ſnow.
At length (as antient poets ſing)
The frolick wind that breathes the ſpring
Zephyr with young April playing
Near th' antarctic circle ſtraying,
With lenient breath and préſence fair
Diſpell'd the dim miſts of the air,
And with a gentle, genial ſmile,
Calm'd the bleak horrors of the iſle.
'Twas then from icy fetters free
Nature was all Garrulity;
Above, about, or underneath,
In foreſt brown or barren heath,
Notes of joy and notes of woe
In wild confuſion ſeem'd to flow,
From ſheety lakes and ſpiral flames
Came ſounds that ſyllabel'd men's names,
And every pine and mountain oak
'Tis ſaid, articulately ſpoke.
Haſte thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Smart Bon-Mots and Jeux d'Eſprit,

Travell'd

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Travell'd fops and men of ſtile,
Broad grimace and wreathed ſmile,
Such as hangs on ——'s cheek,
And lives in —'s dimple ſleek,
Ton, that wrinkled age derides,
And ladies ſcrewing up their ſides:
Come, and trip it as you go
On the looſely ſlipper'd toe,
And in thy right-hand lead with thee
The nymph Familiarity.
And O! ſweet maid of ſovereign ſway
Admit me of thy bal parè,
To laugh and chat with her and thee
In unreproved pleaſures free:
Or converſe hold with lady bright,
Whoſe tongue may ſtartle her dull knight,
And turn a deaf ear when he cries,
"My dear, the dappled dawn doth riſe."
But come, adieu! "In ſpite of ſorrow
"You know we're all to meet to-morrow."
Then hand in hand to the coach door
I proudly ſtrut the nymph before,
And ſome pretty ſtory tell
'Till ſhe bids the laſt farewell.
Now to the Pump-room let us haſte,
That noble ſentry-box of taſte,
Where five fiddles and a horn
Rouſe the neighbours every morn.

There

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There, while ſome ſlender-waiſted laſs
Drinks the ſalutary glaſs,
Let me pleaſe her, ſtanding nigh,
With garrulous civility,
Talk of pictures, cards, or walking,
All but for the ſake of talking;
Certain ladies painted faces,
Certain artificial graces,
Concerts, plays, and pauper-ſchemes,
Feathers, ſtrange myſterious dreams,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus morn oft' ſee me in thy gay career.
Sometimes walking cloſe between
Two ladies fair through Abbey-green,
Trict and frounct as they were wont
At their country ſeat to hunt.
We reach the charming South Parade
For health and converſation made,
There trip before my charmed ſight
Footmen in thouſand liveries dight,
While the chairman near at hand
Whiſtles ready at his ſtand,
And the buſy houſemaids ſquall,
And the colliers horſes ſprawl,
And every party drinks its fill
Under the roof with Maſter Gill.
Sometimes on a Monday night
The upper rooms my ſteps invite,

Whilſt

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Whilſt the gigling Belles dance round,
And the jocund fiddles ſound
To many a wife and many a maid
Dancing in a chequer'd ſhade,
While young and old in merry glee
Laugh and prattle o'er their tea.
Strait mine eye hath caught new pleaſures
While the Ball-room round it meaſures.
Hoods of lawn and ringlets grey
Where the nibbling flocks do ſtray,
Virgins on whoſe downy breaſts
The diamond croſs or picture reſts,
Parſons trim with waiſtcoats pied,
Shallow fops and buckles wide,
Little macaroni groups,
Boſom'd high in ladies hoops,
While gorgeous folks of quality
In glittering palls come ſweeping by,
With ſtore of ladies, whoſe bright eyes
On Thurſday mornings judge the prize
Of wit and verſe, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
Then to the well-fill'd ſtage repair,
If *****'s high feather'd head be there,
Or ſweeteſt O——, beauty's child,
Prattle her native chit chat wild;
But if a rural life delight,
In other joys we'll paſs the night.

Circling

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Circling round the blazing hearth
We'll join in ſweet domeſtic mirth,
While coy reſerve and caution meek,
And modeſty with bluſhing cheek,
And mauvaiſe honte with downcaſt eye
From our thrice happy cottage fly.
Then let the live long night be ſpent
In quips, and cranks, and merriment,
With ſtories told of Robinhood,
The little Children in the Wood;
How they by cruel uncle's hate
Were driven from their father's gate,
How little Red-breaſts brought them food,
Wild herbs, and fruit, and berries crude,
And o'er their graves when they were dead
The ſcatter'd leaves of Autumn ſpread.
There oft', 'tis ſaid, at Curfew ſound
The fairies mark the hallow'd ground,
And o'er their ruſtic tomb at night
The Glow-worm ſheds his amber light.
Or talk of him who left i'th' middle
The ſtory of the Bear and Fiddle,
Of Sydrophel and Hudibraſs,
Of Arthur's board and magic glaſs;
Of that fam'd horſe who nobly died
On which great Turpin erſt did ride.
This done away to bed we creep
And laugh and chatter in our ſleep.

And

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And may I on this ſpacious ſtage
Enjoy a narrative old age;
The winter evening hours to cheat
With tales of many a youthful feat.
Thus mixing with ſociety
I'll always live and wiſh to die.

The NYMPH *of the* HILL.

Inſcribed to Miſs PIERCE, *of* RICHMOND.

Written by Capt. THOMPSON, *and ſet to Muſick by Mr.* HOOKE.

YE claſſics pray talk not of beauties of yore,
Hebe, Chlo—e, Corinna or Phill: Hebe, Chlo—e
Corinna, or Phill:
I've a maid to produce, ſhe's the growth of this ſhore,
And I call her the Nymph of the Hill.
The Nymph of the Hill, &c.

Tho' Ovid he woo'd like an angel, and ſung,
And Virgil prais'd ſweet Amaryl;
Yet no words ever flow'd from the bard's ſilver tongue
That were fit for the Nymph of the Hill, &c.

I know

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I know Cupid ſteals from her eyes all his darts,
When he means the ſad lover to kill:
Though he's God of the bow—ſhe's the ſweet Queen of hearts,
And the delicate Nymph of the Hill, &c.

The taſk I reſign—ſhe's ſo peerleſs and fair,
She's the top of perfection and ſkill;
No goddeſs e'er mov'd with ſo graceful an air
As my ſweet pretty Nymph of the Hill, &c.

I'm ſure ſhe's deſcended of heav'nly ſtock,
For no mortal ſuch ſenſe could inſtill,
The three pretty Graces her cradle did rock,
For 'twas Love nurs'd the Nymph of the Hill, &c.

I call on no god—I addreſs her good ſenſe,
But ſhe cannot my wiſhes fulfill:
O tell me what fortune would grudge an expence
To delight the ſweet Nymph of the Hill, &c.

On

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On PROVIDENCE.

From the Italian of FILICAIA.

"Qual Madre i figlii," &c.

TRANSLATION.

AS, with affection fond, a mother views
Her infant race, and melts with conſcious joy,
On the girl's cheek ſhe oft the kiſs renews,
Or to her boſom ſtrains the beauteous boy:

Some climb, with eager love, her envy'd knees,
Some at her feet in childiſh frolic play;
Their ſecret wiſh the raptur'd mother ſees,
From the ſweet ſmiles, the geſtures they diſplay:
And as ſhe marks each varied face, beſtows
A tender look on theſe, and gentle ſpeech on thoſe.

Yet, if diſpleaſure's frown her brow ſhou'd wear,
She's ſtill the mother, and her child befriends;
So *Providence* all-wiſe, with parent care,
Provides for ſome, to others comfort lends;

To

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To all who aſk, ſhe lib'ral aid ſupplies,
To ev'ry ſuppliant lends a willing ear;
And if ſometimes her kindneſs ſhe denies,
'Tis only to extort the grateful pray'r:
Nay, by denying oft our ill-tim'd wants,
Refuſal is conſent, and all our wiſh ſhe grants.

S.

The DELICATE COMPLIANCE.

By H. KELLY.

AS Delia ſat near Belmont's chair,
Her hand he fondly preſt;
And ſmiling ſaw the matchleſs fair
Reclin'd upon his breaſt.

A tender wiſh began to riſe,
Inſpir'd by love alone;
As Delia's more than magick eyes
Were center'd on his own.

"My life," cry'd Belmont, in a voice,
Which ſhe was uſed to hear,
"You muſt indulge a huſband's choice,
"So come this way, my dear."

A crim-

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A crimſon ſpread o'er Delia's face,
That might the Eaſt adorn;
And paint with more celeſtial grace
The roſy cheek of morn.

The burning youth ſhe fondly kiſs'd,
Exhaling balmy dews;
And begg'd he would not then inſiſt,
On what ſhe muſt refuſe.

'Twas twelve—the bliſs he then delay'd,
When Delia's thoughts he read;
But rang the bell to call her maid,
And ſlipt himſelf to bed.

ODE to HUMANITY.

By the ſame.

IN heav'n, bright maid, that bliſs receive,
Which goodneſs only knows;
Who bid the honeſt boſom grieve,
That heard another's woes.

Thy

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Thy ſoothing voice the wretch can cheer,
Whom anguiſh taught to ſigh;
And ſpeak away the riſing tear,
From pale affliction's eye.

Where'er, in kind complacence dreſt,
Thy ſacred beam ſhall ſhine;
It lifts, expands, exalts the breaſt,
And ſwells it to divine.

For ever clad in native charms,
Thy ſmile benignant lives;
In friendſhip with delight it warms,
In anger it forgives.

Like Heav'n's high goodneſs unconfin'd,
It ſpreads from pole to pole;
And copies ſtill th' eternal mind,
To bleſs the human ſoul.

Thy ſtream, and mercy's, child of love!
From one great current flow;
For all that mercy is above,
Thou, goddeſs, art below.

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The SILENT CONVERSATION.

By the ſame.

THE cloth remov'd, 'twas ten at night,
When Belmont, half undreſs'd,
Seiz'd Delia's hand with true delight,
And claſp'd it to his breaſt.

With ſecret joy the youth ſurvey'd
The partner of his bliſs;
And Delia juſt a motion made,
That ſeem'd to beg a kiſs.

Her arm thrown round his happy neck,
In equal fondneſs vy'd;
And ſcorn'd the ſofter thought to check
She ſcarcely wiſh'd to hide.

Belmont eſſay'd to ſpeak in vain,
His voice was loſt in ſighs;
And all that Delia cou'd explain,
Was mention'd in her eyes.

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A look declar'd the dear diſtreſs
  Congenial boſoms meet,
Which ſink beneath a ſoft exceſs,
  So paſſionately ſweet.

But love, as all the poets preach,
  Who ſtill brings things about;
At laſt beſtow'd the uſe of ſpeech,
  And put—the candles out.

SALLY HAYES.

By the ſame.

THOUGH other bards, whom genius warms,
  May uſe the poet's trade,
And die in rhymes for faultleſs forms
  Which fancy only made;
Let me, unbleſt with native fire,
  A living ſubject praiſe;
Who never ſtruck the warbling lyre;
  And ſing of *Sally Hayes*.

Reſiſtleſs maid! whoſe lovely face
  In every charm is dreſs'd;
Whoſe mind poſſeſſes every grace
  That fills the human bre[illegible]

The

The magic glance of ſuch an eye
Can nameleſs wiſhes raiſe,
And bid the coldeſt boſom ſigh
For charming *Sally Hayes*.

Then true politeneſs, taught by ſenſe,
Gives unaffected eaſe,
Secures the fear that dreads offence,
And only hopes to pleaſe:
No look aſſum'd, or haughty air,
A conſcious worth betrays,
Or ſpeaks the ſelf-ſufficient fair
In charming *Sally Hayes*.

To her diſtreſs may ſafely go
To find a tender ear;
And ſorrow never told a woe
That did not meet a tear.
The humane drop will kindly grieve
Which real goodneſs pays,
And wiſh for cauſes to relieve,
In charming *Sally Hayes*.

High Heav'n, approving, ſees the fair
A mind like this poſſeſs;
And makes the maid its choiceſt care
Who only lives to bleſs.

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O that to ſhield her ſtill from harms,
And crown my future days,
I might indulge theſe doating arms
With charming *Sally Hayes*.

The ROSE and the BUTTERFLY.

A FABLE, *imitated from La Motte.*

By Mr. CUNNINGHAM.

AT day's early dawn, a gay Butterfly ſpy'd
A budding young Roſe, and he wiſh'd her his bride:
She bluſh'd when ſhe heard him his paſſion declare,
And tenderly told—he need not deſpair.

Their vows they ſoon plighted. As lovers ſtill do,
He ſwore to be conſtant, ſhe vow'd to be true.

It had not been prudent to deal with delay,
The bloom of the Roſe paſſes quickly away,
And the pride of a Butterfly dies in a day.

When wedded, away the wing'd gentleman hies;
From flow'ret to flow'ret he wantonly flies;
Nor did he viſit his bride, till the ſun
Had leſs than one-fourth of his journey to run.

The

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The Roſe thus reproach'd him,—" Already ſo cold?
" How feign'd— Oh you falſe one!—that paſſion you told!
" 'Tis an age ſince you left me;" (ſhe meant a few hours,
But ſuch we'll ſuppoſe the fond language of flowers)
" I ſaw when you gave the baſe Vi'let a kiſs:
" How could you deſcend to ſuch meanneſs as this?
" Shall a low little wretch, whom we Roſes deſpiſe,
" Find favour,—oh, love!—in my Butterfly's eyes?
" On a Tulip, quite tawdry, I mark'd your foul rape,
" Nor yet could the pitiful Primroſe eſcape;
" Dull Daffodils too, were with paſſion addreſs'd,
" And Poppies, ill-ſcented, you fondly careſs'd."

The coxcomb was piqu'd, and reply'd with a ſneer,
" That you're firſt to complain, I commend you, my dear;
" But know, from your conduct, my maxims I drew,
" And if I'm inconſtant, I copy from you:
" I ſaw the boy Zephyrus rifle your charms;
" I ſaw how you ſimper'd, and ſmil'd in his arms;
" The Honey-bee kiſs'd you, you muſt not diſown,
" You favour'd likewiſe—Oh, diſhonour!—a Drone:
" What's worſe——'tis a fault that you cannot deny,
" Your ſweets were made common, falſe Roſe! to a Fly.

The MORAL.

This law, long ago, did love's providence make,
That every coquet ſhould be curs'd with a rake.

1762.

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LOVE prov'd LUNACY.

YE gods, what a paſſion is love!
Diſcertion and prudence it rules;
All obſtacles it can remove——
And wiſe men it makes very fools.

Our ladies it turns upſide-down,
Their minds and their legs it bewitches;
It brings them ſlap-daſh on the town,
And leads them o'er hedges and ditches.

But what ſtill is worſe than the reſt,
There's no knowing the end of its ſcope;
To the miſs in her teens 'tis a peſt,
And makes ladies at forty elope.

The parlour, the garret, the kitchen,
In all, it has ſovereign ſway;
To the maids, 'tis a comical twitching,
And eternally leads 'em aſtray.

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'Tis a phrenſy bewilders the head,
'Tis the Will of the Whiſp of the tail:
It plagues us both up and in bed,
And oft lays us faſt in a jail.

Some ſhow it in furor and gigg,
Some pout, and recline on the arm;
Some riggle and twiſt like a grigg,
And ſome melt away with the charm.

In maidens, it may be allow'd,
In wives 'tis the road to all evil;
When to God at the altar they vow'd—
Then to ſwerve is to go to the devil.

But ſtill 'tis a paſſion ſo ſtrong,
No herb or advice can remove it,
The ladies, tho' all in the wrong,
Will ſacrifice life---but they'll prove it.

Oppoſing, but gives it new vigour,
Enjoyment deſtroys all its power;
'Tis ſuperior to every rigour,
'Tis mortality's lunatic hour.

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LIBERTY: La LIBERTA.

Newly tranſlated from METASTATIO.

THANKS, Nice, for thy treacherous arts,
At length I breathe again,
The pitying gods have ta'en my part,
And eas'd a wretch's pain.
I feel, I feel, that from its chain,
My reſcu'd ſoul is free,
Nor is it now I idly dream
Of fancied Liberty.

Extinguiſh'd is my ancient flame,
All calm my thoughts remain;
And artful love in vain ſhall ſtrive,
To lurk beneath diſdain;
No longer, when thy name I hear,
My conſcious colour flies,
No longer, when thy face I ſee,
My heart's emotions riſe.

I ſleep

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I ſleep, yet not in every dream
Thy image pictur'd ſee,
I wake, nor does my alter'd mind,
Fix its firſt thought on thee.
From thee far diſtant, when I roam,
No fond concern I know;
With thee I ſtay, nor yet from thence
Does pain or pleaſure flow.

Oft of my Nice's charms I ſpeak,
Nor thrills my ſtedfaſt heart;
Oft I review the wrongs I bore,
Yet feel no inward ſmart.
No quick alarms confound my ſenſe
When Nice near I ſee,
E'en with my rival I can ſmile,
And calmly talk of thee.

Speak to me with a placid mien,
Or treat me with diſdain;
Vain is to me the look ſevere,
The gentle ſmile as vain;
Loſt is the empire o'er my ſoul,
Which once thoſe lips poſſeſt;
Thoſe eyes no longer can divine
Each ſecret of my breaſt.

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What pleaſes now, or grieves my mind,
What makes me ſad or gay,
It is not in thy power to give,
Nor canſt thou take away.
Each pleaſant ſpot without thee charms,
The wood, the mead, the hill,
And ſcenes of dullneſs, e'en with thee;
Are ſcenes of dullneſs ſtill.

Judge, if I ſpeak, with tongue ſincere,
Thou ſtill art wondrous fair;
Great are the beauties of thy form,
But not beyond compare.
And let not truth offend thy ear,
My eyes at length incline
To ſpy ſome faults in that lov'd face
Which once appear'd divine.

When from its ſecret, deep receſs,
I tore the painful dart;
(My ſhamefull weakneſs I confeſs)
It ſeem'd to ſplit my heart.
But to relieve a tortur'd mind,
To triumph o'er diſdain,
To gain my captive ſelf once more,
I'd ſuffer every pain.

Caught

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Caught by the birdlime's treach'rous twigs,
To which he chanc'd to ſtray,
The bird his faſten'd feathers leaves;
Then gladly flies away.
His ſhortned wings he ſoon renews,
Of ſnares no more afraid;
Then grows by paſt experience wiſe,
Nor is again betray'd.

I know thy pride can ne'er believe
My paſſion fully o'er:
Becauſe I oft repeat the tale,
And ſtill add ſomething more.
'Tis natural inſtinct prompts my tongue,
And makes the ſtory laſt,
As all mankind are fond to boaſt
Of dangers they have paſt.

The warrior thus, the combat o'er,
Recounts his bloody wars;
Tells all the hardſhips which he bore,
And ſhows his antient ſcars.
Thus the glad ſlave, by proſp'rous fate
Freed from the ſervile chain;
Shews to each friend the galling weight
Which once he dragg'd with pain.

I ſpeak,

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I ſpeak, yet ſpeaking, all my aim
Is but to pleaſe my mind;
I ſpeak, yet care not if my words
With thee can credit find.
I ſpeak, nor aſk if my diſcourſe
Is e'er approv'd by thee:
Or whether thou with equal eaſe
Do'ſt talk again of me.

I leave a light, inconſtant maid,
Thou'ſt loſt a heart ſincere;—
I know not which wants comfort moſt,
Or which has moſt to fear.
I'm ſure a ſwain ſo fond and true
Nice can never find;
A nymph like her is eaſy found,
Falſe, faithleſs, and unkind.

To FANCY.

ALL-powerful Fancy, dear deluſive maid,
Daughter of Hope, Imagination's ſhade,
Gift of indulgent Heav'n, deſign'd below
With pictur'd joys to balance real woe;—

Where-

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Wherever thou haſt ſpread thy airy wings,
Lodg'd in the breaſts of ſtateſmen or of kings;
Whether thy viſionary pow'r inſpires
Some poet's brain with heav'n-deſcending fires,
And bids him wanton in the golden dream
Of riches, honours, and immortal fame;
Whether thou mak'ſt the enraptur'd lover trace
A little heav'n, that ſmiles in Hebe's face;
Dream of a grace divine, an angel's air,
And in the goddeſs loſe the mortal fair:—
Since, in the bitter draught of human woe,
Whate'er of ſweet is found, to thee we owe;
Since what ſubſtantial happineſs we call,
Is but thyſelf, kind nymph, thy bounty all;
Vain all and empty, but what thou haſt giv'n,
E'en virtue's ſelf, unleſs ſhe leans on heav'n.
Haſte hither, ſweet deceiver, gentle gueſt,
Haſte and erect thy empire in my breaſt;
Bid pleaſures here in airy forms ariſe,
Ideal raptures, ſelf-created joys:
Here revel thou entire, and ever reign,
Quick let me catch the viſionary ſcene:
Paint the dear object of my conſtant flame,
Her face unchang'd, her beauty ſtill the ſame,

(That

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(That only thing thou know'ſt not to improve)
Fair Chloe,—only ſoften'd into love:
There let me view the mark of fond deſire,
A pure, unſpotted, but an equal fire;
A love that by its coyneſs more endears,
Fearful, but ſtill the more betray'd by fears;
Here let the heavn'ly image ever dwell;
Unpleaſing truth, rude meſſenger, farewell!
And ſince all other methods fruitleſs prove,
FANCY, be thou my advocate in love.

The RED-BREAST.

——"When ſickly autumn comes, lonely he ſits among "the yellow branches, ſhelter'd by ſome broad arm, ſing- "ing (from morn 'till grey-ey'd eye) a requium to ex- "piring nature."

HOW chill blows in autumn the gale,
How ſickly the meadows appear,
The birds ſeem to droop in the dale,
We've only the Red-breaſt to chear.

O Damon, attend to his ſong,
How ſweetly it trills on my ear;
I grieve that the warbler ere long
Muſt ſubmit to the ſeaſon ſevere.

When

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When ſpring gave her buds and her bloom,
That trifler, at dawn of the day,
Would fly to my Philida's room,
And wake the dear maid with his lay.

His mate and her neſtlings were bred
In the vine that encircles my cot;
Each day on my bounty they fed,
And ſeem'd to exult in their lot.

So fond of his younglings was he,
That ſeldom a moment he'd ſtray,
But perch on ſome neighb'ring green tree,
And ſing to his love all the day.

How oft' (as my charmer beheld)
Would ſhe blithſomely tell of his ways,
Tho' many his plumage excell'd,
She ſaid none could equal his lays.

How oft would ſhe ſing in his praiſe,
And wiſely his manners define;
Affirming his innocent ways
Afforded a leſſon divine.

In your boſom true tenderneſs glows,
(She'd ſay) tho' ſo ſimply dreſt;
Go, warbler, and teach it to thoſe
Who boaſt they're of reaſon poſſeſs'd.

T. N.

ELEGY.

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ELEGY.

Written in the Garden of a Friend.

By W. MASON, A. M.

WHILE o'er my head this laurel-woven bow'r
Its arch of glittering verdure wildly flings,
Can fancy ſlumber? can the tuneful pow'r,
That rules my lyre, neglect her wonted ſtrings?

No; if the blightning Eaſt deform'd the plain,
If this gay bank no balmy ſweets exhal'd,
Still ſhould the grove re-echo to my ſtrain,
And friendſhip prompt the theme, where beauty fail'd.

For he, whoſe careleſs art this foilage dreſt,
Who bad theſe twining braids of woodbine bend,
He firſt with truth and virtue taught my breaſt
Where beſt to chuſe, and beſt to fix a friend.

How well does mem'ry note the golden day,
What time reclin'd in Marg'ret's ſtudious glade,
My mimic reed firſt tun'd the * Dorian lay,
"Unſeen, unheard, beneath an hawthorn ſhade!"

* Muſæus, the firſt poem which the author publiſhed, written while he was a ſcholar of St. John's college in Cambridge.

'Twas

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'Twas there we met: the muſes hail'd the hour;
The ſame deſires, the ſame ingenuous arts
Inſpir'd us both: we own'd and bleſs'd the pow'r
That join'd at once our ſtudies and our hearts.

O! ſince thoſe days, when ſcience ſpread the feaſt,
When emulative youth its reliſh lent,
Say has one genuine joy e'er warm'd my breaſt?
Enough: if joy was his, be mine content.

To thirſt for praiſe his temperate youth forbore;
He fondly wiſh'd not for a poet's name;
Much did he love the muſe, but quiet more,
And, tho' he might command, he ſlighted fame.

Hither in manhood's prime he wiſely fled
From all that folly, all that pride approves;
To this ſoft ſcene a tender partner led;
This laurel ſhade was witneſs to their loves.

" Begone (he cry'd) ambition's air-drawn plan;
" Hence with perplexing pomp's unweildy wealth:
" Let me not ſeem, but be the happy man,
" Poſſeſt of love, of competence, and health."

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Smiling he ſpake, nor did the fates withſtand:
In rural arts the peaceful moments flew:
Say, lovely lawn! that felt his forming hand,
How ſoon thy ſurface ſhone with verdure new:

How ſoon obedient Flora brought her ſtore,
And o'er thy breaſt a ſhower of fragrance flung:
Vertumnus came; his earlieſt blooms he bore,
And thy rich ſides with waving purple hung:

Then to the ſight he call'd yon ſtately ſpire,
He pierc'd th' oppoſing oak's luxuriant ſhade.
Bad yonder crowding hawthorns low retire,
Nor veil the glories of the golden mead.

Hail, ſylvan wonders, hail! and hail the hand
Whoſe native taſte thy native charms diſplay'd,
And taught one little acre to command
Each envied happineſs of ſcene and ſhade.

Is there a hill, whoſe diſtant azure bounds
The ample range of Scarſdale's proud domain,
A mountain hoar, that yon' wild peak ſurrounds,
But lends a willing beauty to thy plain?

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And, lo! in yonder path, I ſpy my friend;
He looks the guardian genius of the grove,
Mild * as the fabled form that whilom deign'd,
At Milton's call, in Harefield's haunts to rove.

Bleſs'd ſpirit, come! tho' pent in mortal mould,
I'll yet invoke thee by that purer name;
O come, a portion of thy bliſs unfold,
From folly's maze my wayward ſteps reclaim.

Too long, alas! my inexperienc'd youth,
Miſled by flatt'ring fortune's ſpecious tale,
Has left the rural reign of peace and truth,
The huddling brook, cool cave, and whiſp'ring vale.

Won to the world, a candidate for praiſe,
Yet, let me boaſt, by no ignoble art,
Too oft the public ear has heard my lays,
Too much its vain applauſe has touch'd my heart:

But now, e'er cuſtom binds his powerful chains,
Come from the baſe enchanter ſet me free,
While yet my ſoul its firſt beſt taſte retains,
Recall that ſoul to reaſon, peace, and thee.

* See the deſcription of the Genius of the Wood in Milton's Arcades.
For know by lot, from Jove I am the power
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower;
To nurſe the ſaplings tall, and curl the grove
With ringlets quaint, &c.

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Teach me, like thee, to muſe on nature's page,
To mark each wonder in creation's plan,
Each mode of being trace, and humbly ſage,
Deduce from theſe the genuine powers of man.

Of man, while warm'd with reaſon's purer ray,
No tool of policy, no dupe to pride;
Before vain ſcience led his taſte aſtray;
When conſcience was his law, and God his guide.

This let me learn, and learning let me live
The leſſon o'er. From that great guide of truth
O may my ſuppliant ſoul the boon receive
To tread thro' age the footſteps of thy youth.

Written in 1758.

On ſeeing a faded Roſe in a noſegay, worn by Mrs. B---
at RANELAGH.

IN vain, Maria, do you ſtrive,
To keep the fading Roſe alive;
With Nature for your foe,
To Phœbus rays the fragrant flower,
Alone can owe its vivid hour;
And not to hills of ſnow.

Additi

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Additional lines to the poem of the Ghoſt.

In the 4th book of the Ghoſt---Quarto, page 305, *after theſe lines Mr.* Charles Churchill *added thoſe following in Italicks.*

WHIFFLE (who knows not Whiffle's name,
By the impartial voice of fame
Recorded firſt, thro' all the land,
In vanity's illuſtrious band?)
Whiffle, who might in ſtature vie,
If all the ſons of Gath were by;
And mock Goliah in his pride,
Thund'ring on tiptoe by his ſide.

Again—page 361, after this line.

Such havock of mortality.
But ever and anon, as one
Whoſe fury had her ſtrength out-run;
As one with ſlaughter weak and faint,
She turn'd from ſinner to the ſaint:
And while religion inly bleeds,
See ſtopt, and mumbled o'er her beads.

* Whiffle—He meant for the character of Sir Francis Delaval.--Theſe lines were added in the book which he was correcting for the preſs for a collection of his poems.

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Written, and tranſlated by Mr. Garrick, *upon Mr.* Jennings *declaring an intention to give an edition of Shakeſpeare.*

In SHAKESPEARIUM.

FELIX poeta in ævo proximo!
Seculo in hoc miſerrime!
Quem Garrick in ſcena deſeruit
Quem Jennings in lucem edidit.

Imitated.

Poet renown'd in every age,
In this I tremble for thy bays!
For Garrick ſoon will quit the ſtage,
And Jennings publiſhes thy plays.

LINES *inſcribed to Capt.* E. Thompſon, *and* Mr. W. Woty, *by the* Rev. Mr. Percival Stockdale.

WOTY, of Comus long the fav'rite gueſt,
With nobleſt arts, and gentleſt manners bleſt;
Will ne'er to drones his ſocial converſe deign,
Nor wake for them his gay Horatian ſtrain;

Will

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Will ne'er on them his wit in vain beſtow,
His happy wit which never made a foe.
Soul ſtill ſpontaneous loves congenial ſoul,
True as the faithful needle to the pole;
But human drones ne'er won an ardent heart,
By all the frigid politician's art.
To *Thompſon's* favour you muſt ne'er pretend,
The dauntleſs ſailor, and the generous friend:
Whoſe ruling object is his country's cauſe,
Fierce with her arms, and jealous of her laws;
Whoſe active worth retards Britannia's doom,
The ſingle type of uncorrupted Rome.
His height none reaches in this dwarfiſh age,
Look for his character in *Plutarch's* page.

The WONDER: An EPIGRAM.

" 'TIS ſtrange, cries Eugenio, that Roſcius the great,
" Who nature ſo much has ſurvey'd,
Sould never (e'en once by way of a feat)
Or Shylock or Falſtaff have play'd."

" It is ſo, ſays Sly, and what makes it more new,
" He doth none of the requiſites lack;
" For we all know he's cunning enough for a Jew,
" And purſy enough for Old Jack."

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An ELEGY;

Occaſioned by the death of a Lady's LINNET.

By Mr. PERCIVAL STOCKDALE.

Lugete, O Veneres Cupidineſque,
Et quantum eſt hominum venuſtiorum!
Nam mellitus erat, ſuamque nôrat
Ipſam, tam bene quam puella matrem;
Qui nunc it per iter tenebricoſum,
Illuc, unde negant redire quenquam.
At vobis male ſit malæ Tenebræ
Orci, quæ omnia bella devoratis!

CATULTUS; Carmen III.

I.

IF ſenſibility, abſorbed in woe,
With art poetic e'er can flow,
Sweet ſongſter, to thy tuneful ſhade
The tribute of the muſe be pay'd;

Though

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Though to thy fate inadequate my lays;
For ſince (I envy thee thy glorious doom!
Bright contraſt to the dreary tomb!)
Thy life was Delia's care, thy death was Delia's pain,
The verſe adventurous ſhould not I refrain?——
What honour can'ſt thou reap from my aſpiring praiſe?

II.

Could now the ſoft Tibullus live,
To thee, muſician ſweet, his elegy he'd give:
Thy deſtiny abrupt ſo great a bard ſhould mourn,
And ſcatter flowers, and laurels round thy urn.
For ſure a more affecting tale than thine
Ne'er flow'd along the plaintive line;
Than thine a more affecting tale
Was never told by ſhepherd, in the blooming vale.
Death, which thy poet from the rack would free,
Was deprivation of high bliſs to thee.
For though to ſage divines 'tis given
Exactly to prefigure heaven;
To tell us what the ſoul ſhall there employ;
Yet let their ſacred leave
Permit me to conceive
Of glory no exceeding weight,
That will preponderate that Elyſian ſtate,
Which in our nether world thou didſt enjoy.

III.

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III.

Say, was not Delia's chamber thine;
And even a dungeon, where ſhe lived, would ſhine?
And where ſhe doth not ſpeak, and look, and move,
A palace muſt a dungeon prove.
Thy being did not her affection tend;
Was Delia not thy miſtreſs, and thy friend?
And did not thy meliifluent ſtrain
Her ear enchanted oft detain?
Did not her eye (divine reward!) approve
Thy notes of gratitude and love?
Oh! to her baniſhed Ovid might it's beam
Athwart the clouds of this dark Pontus gleam,
Reach, through my viſual ray, my drooping heart,
The lightning would poetic fire impart,
And raiſe my genius to its beauteous theme!

IV.

Ye Attic ſpirits of the ſofter ſex,
Who your true glory mar, and life domeſtic vex,
By ſeeming witty, or by ſeeming wiſe;
Ye D—bſ—ns, C—rt—rs, M—gus, and P—s,
Who to the falſe ſublime ſo often riſe;
Rather than in your brilliant circle ſit,
Elected arbiter of female wit;

Than

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Than, Jenyns-like, aſſume the critic's nod,
A Belvedere-form of the Caſtalian god;
My anxious breaſt would wiſh to gain
From gentle Delia's eye humane,
One lenient look to mitigate my pain——
That my fair, ſenſible, and virtuous friend
Would deign my numbers to commend;
Deign to applaud, and to rehearſe,
With warm emotion, one impaſſion'd verſe,
That iſſued from my happy pen,
And marked me the moſt fortunate of men;
Though all my other leſs-diſtinguiſh'd rhymes
Were loſt to preſent, and to future times.
Nay, with one ſpark of my poetic fire,
I'd rather thus her ſoul inſpire,
Than like a Petrarch be renown'd;
Than in Rome's Capitol be crown'd;
Rather than Scotland's envy raiſe;
Rather than merit England's praiſe;
Rather than hear the world's acclaim;
Should even a Johnſon ratify my fame.

V.

Thou feathered ſongſter, thou muſician ſweet,
Few, in this iron world, thy honours meet;

E'er

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E'er fate inexorable called thy breath,
Great were thy honours;—they were great in death.
Did not thy ſickneſs wound thy Delia's heart?
And did not ſhe exhauſt compaſſion's art,
All the fond aſſiduity of grief,
To bring her favourite bird relief?
Was not thy languid frame by her fair hand careſs'd
And didſt not thou expiring reſt
(Ecſtatic death!) on her ambroſial breaſt?
And when thy tuneful ſoul had fled away
To myrtle groves, to realms of purer day;
Did not ſhe form thy little tomb,
In that moſt conſecrated ground
Where warblers breathe, and odours float around;
Where oft her beauties deaden Flora's bloom?
And in the tomb did ſhe not place thy bier,
Bedewing it with many a tender tear;
Thoſe tears which o'er departed merit ſhed,
And in the poet's hallowed numbers read,
More durably than Egypt's art, embalm the dead?

VI.

To thee his pæan, then, the bard ſhould give;
In elegy, for thee, he ſhould not ſigh;
Thy life, 'twas rapture, all, to live;
Thy death, 'twas luxury, to die.

To

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To one of human race would fate assign
A span as narrow, but as blest as thine,
Him as much pleasure would engage,
As the most happy man, who lives to Nestor's age.
But since I hope not to obtain
Exuberance of bliss; since mental pain
My days embitters, and infects my strain;
And since with woe my future life
Can but maintain a manly strife;
May I, sweet bird, that life resign
In a last scene as elegant as thine!
Let no grim priest distract my feeble head,
Like a harsh raven croaking near my bed;
Let him not agitate my parting breath;
Nor in his poison dip the shaft of death.
But let a priestess of the Muse,
Who to the poet opens fancy's views,
Her forms romantic, and her orient hues;
Let some good nymph, as Delia, fair,
Grant me her last, her tender care;
Vouchafe humanely to befriend
To cheer, to brighten, to adorn my end.
Round me Parnassian glories then shall smile;
And the cold horrour of the grave beguile;
For in an angel of the female kind,
Of person graceful, and of noble mind,
The essence of all poetry we find.

The

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The fair one will my ſoul prepare
To wanton in Elyſian air;
My heart will feel a gentle fire;
And imperceptibly I ſhall expire,
To realize a previous dream,
Pregnant with many a fair, and noble theme;
With the ſoft climate of the future ſky;
With god-like bards in converſe high;
With all the fragrance of the myrtle grove,
Where wander youths who died for love,
No more to feel it's agonizing wound;—
With ſilver lyres, and their ecſtatic ſound;
With ſilver ſtreams as muſical as they;
With thee, ſweet warbler, on ſome aromatic ſpray!

VII.

Let her, my laſt, my lingering friend,
My aſhes to the grave attend;
And when to duſt confign'd ſhe ſees me lie,
Let pale, and eloquent diſtreſs
Awhile her action and her face impreſs;
Be her's, awhile, the deep pathetic ſigh;
And let the liquid pearl drop from her gliſtening eye.
Be theſe my obſequies;—to them, how low
Is all the dark proceſſion, long, and ſlow;

Are

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Are all the trappings of the ſable ſhow;
The ſcutcheon'd pageantry of mimick woe!
When I twix't this world and the next,
No more with ſublunary trifles vex'd,
Have ſhot the deep, myſterious gulph;
Oh! rather let theſe honours cloſe
My pleaſures few, my numerous woes,
Than all the funeral pomp of Newton, or of Wolfe!

VIII.

Ye bowers of T——, and it's groves,
Henceforth be ſacred to the Nine,
Henceforth be ſacred to the loves.
Oh! would the ſoul of Pope divine
But condeſcend to mix with mine,
Fair might the beauties, then, of T— ſhine!
No induſtry would I decline,
No daring, no Pindaric flight,
To give to T— a perpetual name,
And bid it emulate the fame
Of Richmond's blooming hill, and Windſor's towering height.
For there, his harmony no more,
Lies the ſweet poet I deplore.
For, courting oft Hygeia, there,
Delia reſides to breathe ſalubrious air;

There

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There oft ſhe walks, in Sol's decline,
Improving taſte, and thoughts benign;
She, there, (too fond idea!) may peruſe
The labours of my humble Muſe;
Haply ſhe there may ſometimes condeſcend
To form the gen'rous wiſh for her ill-fated friend.

IX.

Then let each natural, and each moral grace
Adorn, and dignify the place:
Let ſpring, with partial vigour, there,
Delight the eye, and ſcent the air:
Lel not inclement Boreas meet,
With contraſt quick, the ſummer's heat;
Nor diſappointed ſwain deplore,
The loſs of autumn's golden ſtore.
And ſtill may ruſtic revels reign;
And may the hamlet ſtill maintain,
When winter binds the hoary earth,
It's feſtal cheer, and frolick mirth.
But let the peaſants, ever gay,
Ne'er from innoxious pleaſure ſtray.
Let Hymen, there, with temperate rule,
Improve on Cupid's ardent ſchool.
Let him diffuſe his bright and lambent fire
Of chaſte and permanent deſire:

Not

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Not ſhake the torch of red, and baleful flame,
With wanton, or with ruthleſs aim;
Which, for the true connubial ſtate,
Guardian of manners, and of paſſions mild,
Works a black ſcene of jealouſy and hate,
Of lawleſs anarchy—of moral Chaos wild.

X.

May Zephyr, borne on downy wing,
Propitious, T——, to thy purple ſpring,
Give all thy ſweets luxuriantly to blow,
Thy rivulet with murmuring courſe to flow;
May ſhowers that cool, and fertilize,
Maturing ſuns, and azure ſkies,
Deck with the charms of Eden all thy plain.
But, Oh! ye roſy vernal hours,
And all ye rural powers,
Embelliſh with Arabian flowers,
With flowers of fineſt form, and richeſt bloom,
And of moſt exquiſite perfume;
And ſhelter, with Arcadian ſhade,
The ground where that mute choriſter is laid
Whoſe life was Delia's care; whoſe death was Delia's pain.

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XI.

There let the ſoft, refreſhing breeze
Whiſper through fair, and ſhady trees;
Trees oft reſponſive to the ſhepherd's tongue;
Majeſtick trees which Maro ſung;
And under them to mark the ſpot of woe,
Let yew, let ivy, and let cypreſs grow.
Let the moſt fragrant roſe his tomb adorn,
With tint expreſſive of the morn:
The lily white, the violet blue,
Of mournful, and of pleaſant hue;
And let the woodbine, there, it's breath exhale
To veſper's dying gale;
The jeſs'mine too, that loves the wall;
Of elegant effluvias, all.
There let the modeſt laylock ſpring;
(A tremor checks the Muſe's wing!
By Delia's worne, the laylock's dye
Hath often charm'd the poet's eye:
As late I walk'd by Delia's ſide,
(Honour too great for human pride!)
The native luſtre of the lovely maid
In art's refinements dangerouſly array'd;
My heart exulting in the rapturous hour,
Her laylock robe confeſs'd her power;

The

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The magick influence of the fair
Improv'd it's colour, and it's air;
To her a brighter bluſh I felt it owe;
From her I felt it ſweep with a celeſtial flow!

From a Sailor on ſhip-board, to his Miſtreſs. Written on board the BELLONA *in January* 1762.

GENTLE, tender, beauteous Belle,
Alas! no boat comes off—to tell
Sad, deſpairing, raving I,
Of my comfort, of my joy!
Oh! obdurate winds to blow,
Ruthleſs waves—to mock my woe!
Two long tedious days—and more,
You have held us from the ſhore.
Sailors too, are deaf to me,
As the roaring of the Sea.
Had I now—as ſtories tell,
A Dove to bear my beauteous Belle;
Sighs, and billets to and fro,
Gods! what happineſs below!

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Then, how I would kiſs my dove,
And re-wing him to my love;
Speed the wiſhes of my ſoul,
Were I baniſh'd to the Pole.
Tell the moſt minute affairs,
To the darling of my cares.
How my dear—I hear you ſay?
Would the turtle find his way?
Ashe found old Noah's ark,
He would find Bellona's bark.

Could we but accompliſh this!
Oh! what ſweet eſtatick bliſs!
This imaginary ſcene,
Drove away thy ſailor's ſpleen
For awhile:—but now the main
Roaring, hints a war with Spain.
Duty calls,—Bellona ſmiles,
Soon, ſhe'll leave the ſinking Iſles.
Twine an oaken wreath for me,
Bring all Peru home for thee.

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An ELEGY *on the death of* DOBBIN, *the Butter-woman's Horſe. By Mr.* FOWKES.

THE death of faithful Dobbin I deplore:
Dame Jolt's brown horſe, Old Dobbin, is no more.
The cruel fates have ſnapt his vital thread,
And gammer Jolt bewails old Dobbin dead.

From Stony Ludham down to watery Cray,
This honeſt horſe brought butter every day;
Freſh butter meet to mix with niceſt rolls,
And ſometimes eggs, and ſometimes geeſe and fowls:
And tho' this horſe to ſtand had ne'er a leg,
He never dropt a gooſe, or broke an egg.

Ye maids of Cray, your butter'd rolls deplore,
Dame Jolt's brown horſe, old Dobbin, is no more.

Oft did the 'ſquire, that keeps the great hale-houſe,
Invite the willing vicar to a gooſe;
For gooſe could make his kindred muſe aſpire
From earth to air, from water to the fire;
But now, alas! his towering ſpirit's fled,
His muſe is founder'd, for poor Dobbin's dead.

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Laſt Friday was a luckleſs day, I wot,
For Friday laſt lean Dobbin went to pot;
No drinks could cheriſh, no preſcriptions ſave;
In C——n's he found a living grave:

'Weep all, and all (except ſad dogs) deplore,
Dame Jolt's brown horſe, old Dobbin, is no more.

Sculk, Reynard, ſculk in the ſecureſt grounds,
Now Dobbin hunts thee in the ſhape of hounds:
Late ſure, but ſlow, he march'd as foot could fall,
Sure to march ſlow, when e'er he march'd at all;
Now fleeter than the pinions of the wind,
He leaves the huntſman, and the hunt behind;
Purſues thee o'er the hills, and down the ſteep,
Thro' the rough copſe, wide woods, and waters deep;
Along the unbounded plain, along the lea,
But has no pullet, and no gooſe for thee.

Ye dogs, ye foxes, howl for Dobbin dead,
Nor thou, O muſe, diſdain the tear to ſhed;
Ye maids of Cray your buttered rolls deplore,
Dame Jolt's brown horſe, old Dobbin, is no more.

An

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An EPIGRAM.

SAYS a beau to a lady—pray name, if you can,
Of all your acquaintance, the handſomeſt man.
The lady replied—if you'd have me ſpeak true,
He's the handſomeſt man, that's the moſt unlike you.

A FEMALE CHARACTER.

HER voice is as clear as the ſtream,
Her character bright as the ſun:
Her dealings are hard as a ſtone,
But her promiſe—as ſure as a gun.

On Mr. Pitt *being penſioned and becoming a Peer in* 1761.

HIC jacet— England's glory—wiſdom, wit,
Oh ſtrange!—all rais'd, and buried in a Pitt.

E. T.

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STANZAS.

Addreſſed to Mr. JACKSON. *

AS long as tender ſentiment ſhall pleaſe,
And warm expreſſion captivate the mind!
As long as native beauties, genuine eaſe,
Shall with the nicer few acceptance find!

While taſte ſhall live, in ſpite of ſavage art,
And tyrant cuſtom's ſupercilious ſway!
While genius ſhall inſpire the human heart,
By affectation vile untaught to ſtray.

So long the Muſe, her ſtrains impaſſion'd freed
By *Jackſon's* magic touch from baſe controul,
Shall melt with love!—cauſe pity's boſom bleed!
And with redoubled force invade the ſoul!

Who thro' the mazy labyrinth of ſound,
Hath walk'd before with chaſte, untainted ear?
Return'd in ſafety from th' enchanted ground?
Unwarp'd by vanity,—uncheck'd by fear?

* This Gentleman compoſed the quartetto, which was introduced with ſo good an effect in the Tempeſt at Drury Lane Theatre. His Songs and Elegies have long eſtabliſhed his reputation.

'Tis

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'Tis thine mid harmony's extenſive reign,
To cull each ſoft!—each energetic tone!
Each note, unſully'd by the vulgar train,
Which Nature whiſpers in thy ear alone!

'Tis thine, ſimplicity's much-boaſted grace,
Truly to feel!—to ſcorn the praiſe of fools!
Who view with rapture the diſtorted face,
Strangers to modeſt ſenſe, and all her rules!

'Tis thine, unbiaſs'd by a tranſient fame,
Not ſtupid wonder! but the heart's applauſe,
Nobly to claim!—by this t'exalt thy name,
While reaſon, paſſion, truth, aſſert thy cauſe!

ODE to the River LODON.

AH! what a weary race my feet have run,
Since firſt I trod thy banks with alders crown'd,
And thought my way was all through fairy ground.
Beneath thy azure ſky, and golden ſun:
Where firſt my Muſe to liſp her notes begun!

While

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While penſive memory traces back the round,
Which fills the varied interval between;
Much pleaſure, more of ſorrow, marks the ſcene.
Sweet native ſtream! thoſe ſkies and ſuns ſo pure
No more return, to chear my evening road!
Yet ſtill one joy remains, that not obſcure,
Nor uſeleſs, all my vacant days have flow'd,
From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime mature:
Nor with the Muſe's laurel unbeſtow'd.

The STATE QUACKS.

BRITANNIA was ſick, for a doctor they ſent,
And they fetch'd a brae lad fra the Tweed,
Her pulſe when he felt, as he came ſo he went,
—But depend upon't Sawney was feed.

The next was a wight of ſuperior ſkill,
And he quickly recover'd her much;
But rejecting a bolus preſcrib'd her by Will,
He ſoon hobbled off with his crutch.

Succeeding to him various doctors appear'd,
And each, as his fancy directed,
Preſcrib'd for her caſe—which they found was too hard,
So the patient was quickly neglected.

The

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The preſent Empirics have had her in hand
Till they find that ſhe daily grows worſe,
But they ſwear, like true friends, that by her they'll ſtand
—While a ſhilling remains in her purſe.

But ſo long and expenſive her illneſs has been,
And ſhe's grown ſo exceedingly poor,
That 'tis fear'd a conſumption will finiſh the ſcene,
And the patient be heard of no more.

COLIN *and* JENNY: A SONG.

By Miſs E----, *of* PITTODRY.

CLOSELY pent in thickſet arbour,
Cooing like the mountain dove,
Colin gave to ſoftneſs harbour,
And became the child of love.

Jenny, long in murmurs ſoothing,
Sighing told her love-lorn tale;
Oft her native ſpirit ſmoothing,
Led her ſwain to Buchan's dale.

Strolling

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Strolling by the trickling fountain,
Prattling by her Colin's ſide,
Still her worth and charms recounting,
Long ſhe ſtrove to be his bride.

Not the lily's vivid ſtaining,
Not the roſe in budding grace,
Could their utmoſt beauties ſtraining,
Equal lovely Jenny's face.

Sweetly did her warblings hover,
Flutt'ring with enchanting art;
Every ſwain became her lover,
But the ſwain who ſtole her heart.

Deaf to every fond entreaty,
Beauty had not power to move;
Colin's boſom would not pity,
Colin was averſe to love.

Every art that love could teach her,
Practis'd Jenny on her ſwain:
Now ſhe play'd the kind beſeecher,
Now ſhe tun'd the vocal ſtrain.

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Every art, however, failing,
Kindneſs meeting but diſdain:
Cupid ſaw, and mourn'd her ailing,
And the urchin heal'd her pain.

Meeting Jenny on the mountain,
Wand'ring like the ſtranger lone;
From his aëry car diſmounting,
Thus he ſpoke with ſimp'ring tone:

"Lovely nymph! let me adviſe ye
"How to cure your boſom's pain;
"If you wiſh the ſwain to prize ye,
"Seem to hold him in diſdain.

"Fickle ſhepherds always ſcorn ye,
"When you melt within their arms;
"But with careleſs air adorn ye,
"And they'll periſh for your charms."

Jenny, ſweetly Cupid thanking,
Quickly followed his advice;
With diſdain her boſom pranking,
Still ſhe ſhun'd her Colin's eyes.

Colin

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Colin ſaw, and mourn'd her changing,
Nettled at her ſcornful air,
And, with piteous viſage cringing,
Strove to woo the alter'd fair.

Long ſhe held him at defiance,
Paying all his former pride;
But at length, with fond compliance,
She became her Colin's bride.

Latratu fures mutas amantes,
Sic placuo Domino——ſic placui Domine.

The above diſtich was wittily rendered by Mr. Wilkes, upon Lord and Lady Vain, (who in Smollet's Peregrine Pickle are characteriſed Lord and Lady Frail.)—And he being aſked to make an Epigram upon her Lap-dog—wrote—thus——

At thieves I bark—at lovers wag my tail.
And thus I pleaſe—both Lord and Lady Frail.

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To the Memory of Dr. Goldſmith.

By W. Woty.

ADIEU, ſweet bard, to each fine feeling true,
Many thy virtues, and thy foibles few:
Thoſe form'd to charm—e'en vicious minds—and theſe
With harmleſs mirth the ſocial ſoul to pleaſe.
Another's woe thy heart could always melt,
None gave more free, for none more deeply felt.
Sweet bard adieu! thy own harmonious lays
Have ſculptur'd out thy monument of praiſe:
Yes, theſe ſurvive to time's remoteſt day,
While drops the buſt, and boaſtful tombs decay:
Reader, if number'd in the muſe's train,
Go tune the lyre, and imitate his ſtrain.
But if no poet thou, reverſe the plan,
Depart in peace, and imitate the man.

SONG.

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SONG. By HUGH KELLY.

THO' Love, like a Monkey, had long play'd his tricks,
And tickled the gills of my heart,
The whelp was quite puzzled in ſtriving to fix
A ſingle half inch of his dart.

What bomb-ſhells of eyes at my boſom he caſt,
And at leaſt thought the breaſt-work to win;
But forc'd to look out for aſſiſtance at laſt,
He got it all cleverly in.

At the playhouſe one night, O! unfortunate hour,
An arrow he cunningly ſent,
'Twas drawn with the force of auxiliary pow'r,
And came from the voice of Miſs Brent.

In Sally's ſweet ſtrains, while ſhe gratefully rais'd
A note moſt enchantingly high;
Attention ſtood ſtill on the ear, quite amaz'd,
'Till I bellow'd out loudly——I die!

Now thro' the Piazza, I prance it along,
The heavieſt booby in nature;
And hum out my paſſion in that pretty ſong,
That begins with the words, "*Deareſt Creature.*"

In revenge that rogue Cupid this method has found,
Which drives me almoſt to deſpair;
For inſtead of a face, I muſt doat on a ſound,
And like Cephalus die for the *Air*.

Ex-

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Extempore on the death of the Dutcheſs of Queenſberry.

"FAIR Kitty, beautiful and young,"
When "wild as colt untam'd,"
Inſpir'd the Muſe——and Prior ſung,
By Kitty's charms inflam'd.

Fair Kitty then, in future time,
When Queenſberry's arms ſhe grac'd,
Befriended ſtill the ſons of rhyme,
And ſhew'd ſuperior taſte.

Fair patroneſs of Gay ſhe ſhone,
Of ev'ry bard delight;
But Kitty's charms are loſt and gone,
And ſunk in endleſs night.

Yet Kitty's virtues ſoar on high,
To realms of endleſs joy,
While all her worth beneath the ſky,
Shall Britiſh bards employ.

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MEDITATION: An ELEGY.

By HUGH KELLY.

WRAPT in the ſhade where Meditation lies,
And holds a mental intercourſe above;
Come, Truth, and teach a boſom to be wiſe,
Which mourn'd too long for diſappointed love.

What art thou—wond'rous impulſe of deſire,
Which blooming hope ſo pleaſingly has dreſt?
Or whence proceeds th' involuntary fire;
Which burns ſo fiercely in the human breaſt?

Sweet inconſiſtent offſpring of the ſky,
The latent cauſe in tenderneſs declare;
Nor force the heart eternally to ſigh,
And yet conceal the motive of deſpair.

If Mira's face in every charm is dreſt,
Why am I doom'd inceſſantly to pine?
Or ſhall the coldneſs of another's breaſt.
Create a ſharp anxiety in mine?

Alas!

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Alas! ſince being ſmil'd upon the morn,
And nature ſaw how excellent it roſe;
Thy race, O man, to miſery was born,
And doom'd to bear probationary woes.

Too eaſy nature, indolently kind,
From fate's ſevere reſtrictions to depart,
Gave man a paſſive tenderneſs of mind,
And beauty's ſole dominion o'er the heart.

But yet the pang of never hoping love,
To time's laſt moment deſtin'd to conceal;
Is not the only ſorrow we muſt prove,
The only ſorrow we are doom'd to feel.

A latent train of hydra-headed woes,
From life each dearer benefit has ſtole;
Deſtroy'd the ſmalleſt glimmer of repoſe,
And damp'd the choiceſt bleſſings of the ſoul.

Perhaps, e'en now, ſome high diſtinguiſh'd name,
Rais'd up to grandeur, and enrich'd by place,
Starts from ſome new imaginary ſhame,
Or only ſlumbers to a freſh diſgrace.

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Perhaps, now tortur'd on imperial down,
Some ſcepter'd mourner languiſhes his hour;
And ſinks beneath the burthen of a crown,
The ſlave of greatneſs, and the wretch of pow'r.

Some ill-ſtar'd youth, whoſe melancholy moan
As vainly ſounded in unpitying ears;
Now weeps, perhaps, in bitterneſs alone,
And gives a laviſh freedom to his tears.

Science, which left him poliſh'd and refin'd,
Has giv'n a new occaſion to complain;
And knowledge only has enlarg'd his mind,
To make it more ſuſceptible of pain.

No hand, alas! its kind aſſiſtance lends,
To drive misfortune from his lowly door;
For when, O when, did wretchedneſs make friends!
Or who will ſeek acquaintance with the poor!

Perhaps ſome virgin is this moment led,
All ſicklied over with dejected charms,
Compell'd to languiſh in a hated bed,
And ſeem quite happy in deteſted arms.

Wedded

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Wedded to anguiſh and repining care,
Yet bound to wear no ſorrow in her eye;
And tho' condemn'd for ever to deſpair,
Deny'd the humble privilege to ſigh.

How dread a picture meditation brings
Of life's unceaſing wretchedneſs below!
Where the long chain and ordinance of things
Appear ſo fraught with miſery and woe.

Yet reſt, my ſoul, ſubmiſſively, O reſt,
Nor think that virtue has been treated hard:
This world was made to prove it in the breaſt,
And not alone intended to reward.

The great firſt cauſe, all-gracious, has deſign'd,
His endleſs tranſports for a world of bliſs,
To crown a moral rectitude of mind,
And bleſs obedient righteouſneſs in this.

Whatever ills in this uncertain ſtate,
Lamenting man may frequently have known,
Spring from no wiſh or negligence of fate,
But ſome unhappy error of his own.

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Then, all reſign'd, O let him pour his heart!
And kiſs the ſharp, but ſalutary rod!
Nor, tho' condemned in bitterneſs to ſmart,
Preſume to throw the blame upon his God.

The INJURED HUSBAND.

Said to be lately written by a man of faſhion.

WHAT friendly ray, in pity dreſt,
O ſay, can hope beſtow!
To give diſtraction ſight of reſt,
Or ſoothe eternal woe.

Life's little lamp, one tender beam,
To grief no more can ſpare;
But faintly turns a dying gleam
On anguiſh and deſpair.

Look down, unending ſcource of fate,
From yon obedient ſkies;
And O inſtruct a wretch to hate
The fair he muſt deſpiſe.

What-

Whatever tortures rend his breaſt,
Whatever conflicts roll,
Teach him to tear her from his breaſt,
And root her from his ſoul.

Once pure as winter's whiteſt ſnow
She gave her ſacred vow!
Once pure as innocence—but, O
Juſt heav'n, what is ſhe now?

Then grant a wiſh, indulgent fate,
On which my heart is ſet;
Or if I muſt not think to hate,
O let me but forget.

On two lovely and loving Siſters. *By* AARON HILL.

WHEN equal charms, in different colours dreſs'd,
Have two ſweet Siſters rival perſons bleſs'd,
How kind is Heaven, their minds with love to ſtrike,
And teach 'em both to look, and think alike!

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The SPORTSMAN: A SONNET.

HARK! the loud-tuning horn bids the ſportſman prepare,
And the hounds wooe him forth to the lawn;
The huntſman proclaims that the morning is fair,
And Aurora with red ſtreaks the dawn.

With pleaſure he hearkens the heart-ſoothing chear,
Shakes Morpheus and ſlumber away;
While joyful he ſtarts, and with ſpeed doth appear
The foremoſt to welcome the day.

With the horn's jolly clangour he quickens the chace,
And fills all the vale with his joys;
While his pleaſure, full glowing, enlivens his face,
And the hounds in full concert rejoice.

From the ſportſman, ye drones, you may learn how to live,
Exempted from pain or diſeaſe;
He'll ſhew, that the fields and the meadows will give
That health which you barter for eaſe.

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Genuina Glouceſterienſis Ducis & dilectæ admodum Conjugis pictura.

SI pietati unquam pietas ſociata, ſuitque
Caſta pudicitiæ nupta pudicities;
Si virtus perrara pari virtute coivit,
Ac juncta eſt bonitas cum bonitate ſimul;
Si candore poteſt geminari candor amœnus,
Et valet integritas integritate frui;
Si gravitas blandos non ſpernit ſumere vultus,
Formaque divinæ præmia mentis amat;
Si Venus & Pallas nodo nectuntur eodem,
Et recubant uno Phœbus Amorque toro.
Aſpice regales ſociatos numine ſponſos,
Exemplum dictæ nobile pacis habes.

WM. ROYOU,
Formerly Teacher at Acton.

Rhymes,

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Rhymes, with a preſent of Ribbands, to ----, of Cornwall.

LET Ladies born to high eſtate,
Be deck'd in jewels rare;
The Village-maid, in humble garb,
May ſurely be as fair.

And when, in gown all ſnowy white,
On Sundays you are ſeen,
With dimpled ſmile and blooming cheek,
And gay as any queen,

This ribband, flower'd in ſilken loom,
Your head-dreſs ſhall adorn;
But while you prize its lovely bloom,
Your boſom let it warn!

The brighteſt colours ſooneſt fade,
Let then my girl beware,
And truſt to charms of longer date,
And be as good as fair.

Sweet

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Sweet maid! who, far from courtly haunts,
In humble dreſs can'ſt ſhine;
Gay health and conſcious innocence,
And ſpotleſs fame, are thine.

With theſe content—nor wiſh to ſoar
Beyond thy little ſphere,
Where jewels hide a ſorrowing heart,
And ſparkling eyes a tear.

And when you meet a faithful youth
Who lives alone for you,
Accept his vows of conſtant love,
And be for ever true.

Not over free, nor over coy,
Preſerve the golden mean;
Compliance oft will love deſtroy,
And ſhyneſs give the ſpleen.

Be warm, yet modeſt, gay and wiſe,
Nor trifle with his ſmart;
Beauty at firſt may catch our eyes,
But worth ſecures the heart.

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And when in holy bands you join,
On him each ſmile beſtow;
Nor think a wife ſhould e'er forget
The charms that made her ſo.

Thus days of eaſe and nights of joy
Your lateſt hours ſhall bleſs,
And death a tranſient paſſage prove,
To endleſs happineſs!

Then liſten to your faithful friend,
Theſe prudent leſſons learn;
And while this ribband binds your brows,
Your boſom let it warn.

Portſmouth, Sept. 16.

The ROSE and LILLY.

WHENCE comes it—that in Clara's face
The Lilly only has a place?
Whence comes it? Why, becauſe the Roſe,
Is gone to paint her huſband's noſe.

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An Epitaph in the Church-yard at Newington, in Oxfordſhire.

By WALLER.

HENRY DUNCH, ESQ.

HERE lies the prop and glory of his race,
Who, that no time his mem'ry may deface,
His grateful wife under this ſpeaking ſtone,
His aſhes hid, to make his merit known.
Sprung from an opulent and worthy line,
Whoſe well-us'd fortune made their virtues ſhine,
A rich example his fair life did give,
How others ſhould with their relations live.
A pious ſon, a huſband, and a friend,
To neighbours too his bounty did extend
So far, that they lamented when he died,
As if all to him had been near allied.
His curious youth would men and manners know,
Which made him to the ſouthern nations go.
Nearer the ſun, tho' they more civil ſeem,
Revenge and luxury have their eſteem,

Which

Which well obſerving, he return'd with more
Value for England than he had before;
Her true religion, and her ſtatutes too,
He practiſed not leſs than ſeek'd to know.
And the whole country griev'd for their ill fate,
To loſe ſo good, ſo juſt a magiſtrate.
To ſhed a tear may readers be inclin'd,
And pray for one he only left behind,
Till ſhe who does inherit his eſtate,
May virtue love like him, and vices hate.

The RIVAL BEAUTIES.

From RUFINUS.

THREE lovely nymphs, contending for the prize,
Diſplay'd their charms before my critic eyes,
Superior beauties heighten'd every grace,
And ſeem'd to mark them of celeſtial race.
But I, who, bleſs'd like Paris, fear'd his fall,
Swore each a Venus was—and pleas'd them all.

On

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On the death of the Rev. Mr Eccles *-- *Author of "The Man of Feeling"---who was drowned in attempting to ſave a youth in the river in Dolmead.*

WHEN ſuch the feelings of the human heart,
Death might have held his ſharp, unerring dart:
Doth this thy kindneſs to us mortals prove,
To murder him—who ſhow'd ſuch heavenly love?

Relent-

* The Rev. Mr. Charles Eccles, who fell a ſacrifice to his humanity —was of a very reſpectable family in the North of Ireland—and poſſeſſed a conſiderable ſituation in the Church. He was the Author of "*The Man of Feeling*" and many other reſpectable anonymous publications—he was about 30 years of age. His death was thus.

He was walking in Dolmead Bath—and a youth in bathing had got out out of his depth—he ſtrip'd off his coat and leaped into the river to ſave him—but the youth faſtening improperly upon him, they ſunk together and were drowned. An inhuman monſter who lived hard by---refuſed admittance of the bodies, that the faculty wanted to recover to life. This Mr. P——had been lately wounded, and narrowly eſcaped with life, which occaſioned theſe lines.

"Is there an heart—but muſt dejection wear?
"Is there an eye that can reſiſt a tear?
"Yes—callous to the ſoft endearing tie,
"All know where thou denied'ſt humanity.
"E'en he, that Heaven's auſpicious hand reliev'd,
"Refus'd the mercy he ſo late receiv'd." M.

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Relentleſs death—thy bitt'reſt venom's ſped,
But thine's the loſs—*the Man of Feeling's dead.*
Yet, e're thou rob'ſt his fellow of ſuch breath,
Triumphant TIME ſhall glory in thy death.

E. T.

In obitum FRANCISCI FAWKES, M. A.

FESTIVUM feſto ſi dant convivia cordi,
Siquid mellifluum carmine muſa, vale!
Spirat at omnis amor, rident juvenilia læta,
Olim quæ luſit Teius ille ſenex.
* Smyrnæo dulci lachrymam linguamque dediſti;
Vivit, et ingenium, concipit ille tuo.
Vivunt Sicelides per te meliora canentes;
† Theſſala væ pinus, te pereunte, perit!

J. C.

* Bioni.

† Anglice vertebat et editurus erat Apollonii Rhodii Argonautica. Aliquot abhinc annis prodierant Interpretationes ejus Anacreontis, Sapphûs, Bionis, Moſchi, Muſæi, et Theocriti.

ODE

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ODE *to* MEMORY.

By W. Wotty.

GODDESS! o'er me diffuſe thy influence,
The world their merit owe to thee,
Their brilliant wit, their ſolid ſenſe,
Thou parent of ability!
Or ſhall I ſay, to dare the critic's blame,
Ability, and thou, oh Memory! are the ſame.

Whence in the ſenate doth a Tully ſhine!
Whence—but from thy inſpiring ray!
With gems collected from thy mine,
Where long in dark repoſe they lay,
Himſelf he decks, and with thy borrow'd light,
Transforms to lively day, th' unmeaning blank of night!

In vain may Science with her pupil ſtray
Thro' ev'ry path in Learning's land;
Science may teach him to ſurvey,
'Tis thine to make him underſtand!
To ſtamp each image on his infant mind,
And poliſh fair the draught his fancy had deſign'd.

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Bright emanation of the ſolar vaſt!
'Tis thine to range in order true
The phalanx of ideas paſt,
Fit to encounter, and ſubdue,
And into preſent act—then wanted moſt,
Bring out in cloſe array, the formidable hoſt.

Depriv'd of thee, how uſeleſs are the ſchools!
Thou active ſcource of all that's great!
Reft of thy aid, the wiſe are fools,
For logic cools without thy heat,
But glowing by thy flame in depth of thought,
She feels her mind expand, and finds the truth ſhe ſought.

Ah! what was Swift!—heroic Marlborough what!
When, Memory! thou withdrew thy light?
The god-like mind was all a blot,
And nature fainted at the ſight!
O thought! to check the mad career of pride!
From which the ſtartled Muſe with ſorrow ſhrinks aſide;

But, goddeſs! independent of the fame,
That animates the hero's ſoul,
That ſcreens from death the ſtateſman's name,
And ranks the bard within thy roll,
In humbler ſuit I woo thee to be kind,
No idle vaunter I, of large, capacious mind.

Deſcend!

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Deſcend! and place before my fancy's eye
The play-things of my boyiſh days,
(Tho' thoſe ſometimes have coſt a ſigh,)
My little works, my little plays,
When freed at even from my maſter's chain,
With mirth, and with my mates, I revell'd o'er the plain.

Bring each delightful, each enchanting ſcene,
To raiſe my ardent wiſhes high,
All that thy careful hand can glean,
And wing my ſpirit to the ſky,
Gay Rapture's long-loſt images renew,
And hold the landſcape full,—yet fuller to my view!

But in the back-ground ſhould'ſt thou place a train
Of forms ill-featur'd,—even one,
One o'er the whole will caſt a ſtain,
Where moſt I wiſh to meet with none.
Oh! take the blemiſh'd picture far away,
Leave me, for ever leave,—or with good humour ſtay!

Leave me,—ah! no,—ſo ſoon we muſt not part!
That word alarms,—creates deſpair,
And plants a dagger in my heart,
To drink life's ebbing current there!
Stay! for with thee, as Heav'n ordains below,
I'll quaff the bowl of joy, or drain the cup of woe!

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EPITAPH on Lady COCKLAW.

DEATH! ſince thy reign began could thou e'er ſay,
That thy keen jav'lin did a woman ſlay;
O'er whom not one good word of praiſe was ſaid,
Not one bare tear of lamentation ſhed;
One, whom alive, no creature ever lov'd,
Whoſe death the neighbours ſaw or heard unmov'd;
One whom nor paſſion nor deſire could touch,
With body, Hottentot, and ſoul true Dutch.
Deſpis'd in all the ſtates of female life,
Of daughter, ſiſter, widow, maid or wife.
A perfect devil to her very ſelf,
And fond of nothing but of cats and pelf;
Impregnable to pity, grief, or mirth,
A greedy, ſordid, barren lump of earth,
With neither beauty, virtue, grace nor pride
Unlov'd, unfear'd, uncar'd for, unenvy'd.
Then tyrant, leſt the wonder be forgot,
Erect a trophy o'er this famous ſpot,
Where Lady Cocklaw's bones are laid to rot,

Cha-

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Characters of Mr. Granville (Nephew to Lord Lansdowne) and of William Harrison, Esq. from an epistle of Dr. Young's not yet inserted among his works.

YET still one bliss, one glory, I forbear,
A darling friend whom near your heart you wear;
That lovely youth, my Lord, whom you must blame,
That I grow thus familiar with your name.

He's friendly, open, in his conduct nice,
Nor serve these virtues to atone for vice:
Vice he has none, or such as none wish less,
But friends indeed, good-nature in excess.
You cannot boast the merits of a choice,
In making him your own, 'twas Nature's voice,
Which call'd too loud by man to be withstood,
Pleading a tye far nearer than of blood;

Similitude of manners, such a mind,
As makes you less the wonder of mankind.
Such ease his common converse recommends,
As he ne'er felt a passion, but his friend's;
Yet fix'd his principles, beyond the force
Of all beneath the sun, to bend his course *.

* His Lordship's nephew, who took orders.

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Thus the tall Cedar, beautiful and fair,
Flatters the motions of the wanton air;
Salutes each preſſing breeze whith head reclin'd;
The pliant branches dance in every wind:
But fix'd the ſtem her upright ſtate maintains,
And all the fury of the North diſdains.

How are you bleſs'd in ſuch a matchleſs friend!
Alas! with me the joys of friendſhip end;
O Harriſon! I muſt, I will complain;
Tears ſooth the ſoul's diſtreſs, though ſhed in vain;
Didſt thou return, and bleſs thy native ſhore
With welcome peace, and is my friend no more?—
Thy taſk was early done, and I muſt own
Death kind to thee, but ah! to thee alone.
But 'tis in me a vanity to mourn,
The ſorrows of the great thy tomb adorn;
Strafford and Bolingbroke the loſs perceive,
They grieve, and make thee envy'd in thy grave.
With aking heart, and a foreboding mind,
I night to day in painful journey join'd,
When firſt inform'd of his approaching fate;
But reach'd the partner of my ſoul too late;

'Twas

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'Twas paſt, his cheek was cold, that tuneful tongue,
Which Iſis charm'd with its melodious ſong,
Now languiſh'd, wanted ſtrength to ſpeak his pain,
Scarce rais'd a feeble groan, and ſunk again:
Each art of life, in which he bore a part,
Shot like an arrow through my bleeding heart.
To what ſerv'd all his promis'd wealth and power,
But more to load that moſt unhappy hour?

Yet ſtill prevail'd the greatneſs of his mind;
That, not in health, or life itſelf confin'd,
Felt through his mortal pangs Britannia's peace,
Mounted to joy, and ſmil'd in death's embrace.

His ſpirit now juſt ready to reſign,
No longer now his own, no longer mine,
He graſps my hand, his ſwimming eye-balls roll,
My hand he graſps, and enters in my ſoul;
Then with a groan—ſupport me, O! beware
Of holding worth, however great, too dear!

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Epitaph on Mr. Burton, Comedian,

By Capt. E. THOMPSON.

LONG on the ſtage—thou playd'ſt thy part,
And well—good maſter Burton:
But when death rudely put thee out,
The prompter drop'd the curtain.

A FABLE.

FOLLY and Ignorance, by chance, or fate,
Inamour'd, enter'd into wedlock's ſtate.
Iſſue inſu'd, Injuſtice, eldeſt-born;
Next, of all goodneſs, irreligious Scorn.
No more, ſays Jove, if Lewdneſs ſhould ſucceed,
This third another Coterie might breed.

The

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The death of Alico, *an African ſlave, condemned for rebellion, in Jamaica,* 1762.

By BRYANT EDWARDS, ESQ. *of Jamaica.*

'TIS paſt:—Ah! calm thy * cares to reſt!
Firm and unmov'd am I:——
In freedom's cauſe I barr'd my breaſt,——
In freedom's cauſe I die.

Ah ſtop! thou doſt me fatal wrong:——
Nature will yet rebel;
For I have lov'd thee very long,
And lov'd the very well.

To native ſkies and peaceful bowr's,
I ſoon ſhall wing my way;
Where joy ſhall lead the circling hours,
Unleſs too long thy ſtay.

O ſpeed, fair ſun! thy courſe divine;
My *Abala* remove;——
There thy bright beams ſhall ever ſhine,
And I for ever love!

* He is ſuppoſed to addreſs his wife at the place of execution.

On

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On thoſe bleſt ſhores—a ſlave no more!
In peaceful eaſe I'll ſtray;
Or rouſe to chace the mountain boar,
As unconfin'd as day!

No chriſtian tyrant there is known
To mark his ſteps with blood,
Nor ſable mis'ry's piercing moan
Reſounds thro' ev'ry wood!

Yet have I heard the melting tongue,
Have ſeen the falling tear;
Known the good heart by pity wrung,
Ah! that ſuch hearts are rare!

Now, Chriſtian, glut thy raviſh'd eyes!
—I reach the joyful hour;
Now bid the ſcorching flames ariſe,
And theſe poor limbs devour:

But, know, pale tyrant, 'tis not thine
Eternal war to wage;
The death thou giv'ſt ſhall but combine
To mock thy baffled rage.

O death,

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O death, how welcome to th' oppreſt!
Thy kind embrace I crave!
Thou bring'ſt to mis'ry's boſom reſt,
And freedom to the ſlave!

O D E. To Miſs ******.

By the ſame.

O CLEAR that cruel, doubting brow!
—I'll call on mighty Jove
To witneſs this eternal vow;——
'Tis you alone I love!

"O leave the god to ſoft repoſe,"
(The ſmiling maid replies)
"For Jove but laughs at lovers oaths,
"And lovers perjuries."

By honour'd beauty's gentle pow'r;
By friendſhip's holy flame;—
"Ah! what is beauty but a flow'r
"And friendſhip but a name!"

By

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By thoſe dear tempting lips I cried;—
—With arch, ambiguous look,
Convinc'd, my Cloe glanc'd aſide,
And bade me kiſs the book.

Epitaph on a dead Parrot thrown down a Neceſſary.

BENEATH lies interr'd
The remains of a bird
Who bow'd to all conqu'ring fate;
Whoſe maſter took care
To teach him to ſwear,
As his miſtreſs taught him to prate.

If complaint ſhould be made
Of the place where he's laid,
Poor Betty was ſure not in fault;
For ſhe like the great
Laid her parrot in ſtate
And therefore procur'd him a vault!

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To adorn this ſad tomb
For ages to come.
His miſtreſs ſtill kinder, and kinder,
Declares with a tear
She'll never come there,
But will always leave ſomething behind her!

To a Lady who lately publiſhed in the News-papers a poem of Miſs Carter's, *pretending it to be her own.*

OLD Homer has ſung to a very fine tune-o,
How Jove on Mount Ida was impos'd on by Juno;
When his godſhip was ſlow in the conjugal duty,
His lady, to give a Japan to her beauty,
Moſt artfully borrow'd the girdle of Venus,
Deluding the god! tho' the crime was moſt heinous!
Thus whetted to action, old Pater Deorum
Was held by the—noſe till he fell in a Snorum.
So you, my dear girl, (who reſide on Mount Ida,
And have long wiſh'd in vain to be ſomebody's bride-a,

Per-

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Perceiving the hearts of the youth to be callous,
Have pilfer'd a ſcrap of the wiſdom of Pallas;
Both of beauty and wit you have now the advantage,
For 'tis ſaid you have likewiſe got Venus's Bandage.

Exeter, March 7.

KARN-BRÆ, *a* DRUID ODE.

By J. W*****T.

WHILE Nature ſlumbers in the ſhade,
And Cynthia cloth'd in paly light,
Walks her lone way, the mount I tread,
Majeſtic mid the gloom of night!
With rev'rence to the lofty hill I bow,
Whence Wiſdom, Virtue, taught their founts to flow.

Wan, on yon rock's aſpiring ſteep,
Behold a Druid form forlorn!——
I ſee the white-rob'd phantom weep——
I hear to Heav'n his wild harp mourn!
The temples open'd to the vulgar eye,
And oaks departed, wake his inmoſt ſigh.

O lover

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O lover of the twilight hour,
That calls thee from the tombs of death,
To haunt the cave, the time-ſtruck tow'r,
The ſea-girt cliff, the ſtormy heath;
Sweet is thy minſtrelſy to him whoſe lays
Firſt ſung this hallow'd hill of ancient days.

Yet not this Druid ſcene alone
Inſpires the gloom-delighted Muſe:
Ah! many a hill, to fame unknown,
With awe the tuneful wand'rer views,
And oft whilſt midnight lends her liſt'ning ear,
Sings darkling to the ſolitary ſphere.

Poor ghoſt! no more the Druid band
Shall watch, devotion-wrap'd, their fire;
No more high ſounding thro' the land,
To virtue ſtrike the plauding lyre:
The ſnake along the frowning fragment creeps,
And Fox obſcene beneath its ſhadow ſleeps.

No more beneath the golden hook,
The treaſures of the grove ſhall fall:
Time triumphs o'er each vaniſh'd oak——
The power, whoſe might ſhall cruſh the ball!
Yet, yet till nature droops the head to die,
Compaſſion grant each monument a ſigh.

The

The bards in lays ſublime, no more
  The warrior's glorious deeds relate;
Whoſe patriot arm a thunder bore,
  That hurl'd his country's foe to fate:
Lo! mute the harp near each pale Druid hung!
Mute like the voice that once accordant ſung.

Save when the wand'ring breeze of morn,
  Or Eve's wild gale, with wanton wing,
To hear the note of ſorrow mourn,
  Steals to the ſilent ſleeping ſtring;
And wildly bruſhing, wakes with ſweeteſt ſwell
The plaintive trembling ſpirit of the ſhell.

Here Virtue's awful voice was heard,
  That pour'd th' inſtructive truth profound:
Here Cornwall's ſons, that voice rever'd,
  Where ſullen ſilence ſleeps around:
See where ſhe ſung, ſad Melancholy tread,
A penſive pilgrim o'er th' unconſcious dead!

She call's on Alda's, Odred's name,
  Sons to the darken'd world of yore!
Lured by whoſe eagle pinion'd fame,
  The ſtranger left his native ſhore——
Daring his white ſails to the wings he gave,
And ſought fair knowledge from the diſtant wave.

Tho'

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Tho' few theſe awful rocks revere,
And temples that deſerted lie;
The Muſe ſhall aſk the tend'reſt tear
That ever drop'd from Pity's eye,
T' embalm the ruins, that her ſighs deplore,
Where Wiſdom, Virtue—dwelt, but dwell no more.

Upon the largeſt Jewel's dropping out of his Majeſty's Crown on his Coronation.

WELL I remember on that crouded day,
Which gave thee, George, of all theſe Iſles the ſway.
A ſerious omen of an early date,
Which threaten'd a convulſion of the ſtate:
When on thy brow they plac'd the royal Crown,
Then the moſt precious jewel tumbled down:
Now it is verified—events muſt tell,
The jewel was *America*—that fell.

N.

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A little MONODY.

To the memory of a natural child which died a few days after the birth---Oct. 13, 1772.

By Capt. E. THOMPSON.

HAIL! lovely babe—pure as thy natal morn,
Begot with rapture—in diſhonour born:
That breaſt refus'd—which nature bade thee claim,
Alas! refus'd—to ſave thy mother's fame.
The cup of life thou took'ſt—and turn'd'ſt aſide——
Taſted—and found it bitter—wept and died.
This to thy fate a piteous parent gave,
Who with his tears bedew'd thy ſad, untimely grave.

The

The Laſs of Tylgarſely. Inſcribed to Mrs. Lacey, 1775.

UPON a wild and thymy heath,
Near Woodſtock's ſecret bower;
Where gallant Henry wove a wreathe
Of ev'ry fragrant flower,
To make a garland ſweet and rare,
To deck his *Roſamunda's* hair.

Thrice hapleſs maid, old Clifford's child,
Whoſe fall the Muſes ſung:
At whoſe chaſte birth the graces ſmil'd,
And every Village rung!
Fell Jealouſy, which could deſtroy,
The world's ſweet roſe and Henry's joy.

Not ſo, the beauteous laſs I ſing,
No crime hath ſtain'd her name;
For chaſtity's imperial ring
Her finger fits---and fame;
Virtue on which this poſie wove,
"Simplicity---good nature, love."
Since *Roſamond* confeſs'd the pow'r
Of Eleanor's hard hand;
Nature ne'er nurs'd ſo ſweet a flow'r
To grace her fairy land:
Had *Chaucer* liv'd---her charms to ſee,
He'd ſung the laſs of *Tylgarſely*.

E. T.

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Ordo mundi probat Deum.

The order of the world proves that there is a God.

LOOK round thee, man, obſerve the planets roll,
Inſpect the univerſe from pole to pole,
From leſs to greater, greater to the whole;
Scearch but the bowels of thy mother earth,
To what unnumber'd beings ſhe gives birth;
Explore the deep, proud Neptune's dread domain,
Admire the wonders of his wat'ry plain;
Try then thy ſkill, confeſs thy weak deſign,
Confeſs, and own the architect's divine.
But doubting ſtill, review the vaulted ſkies,
Where worlds on worlds to infinite ariſe:
Where the bright god of day corrects the ſtorms,
And beaming ſoft, the face of heav'n reforms:
Where Cynthia pale, emits her feeble light,
And rules the realms of ſolitary night,
Where Heſper leads his ſtarry train along,
Shining himſelf the brighteſt of his throng;
Trace all their paths, in beauteous order trod,
And ſay, if CHANCE directs them, or a GOD.
Yet, hark! loud thunder rends the trembling ſky,
See, burſting clouds, the livid light'ning fly!
Hear and behold theſe things, preſumptuous man,
Then be the boaſted Atheiſt, if you can.

LIKE

LINES ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

CLARA, I yield :—deſerv'd contempt I meet:
But ſpare the worm that curls beneath thy feet!
'Tis true I ſink, my race of ſcandal run,
But what has harmleſs, helpleſs Tattle done?
No miſchiefs threaten from that pond'rous ſcull——
My farthing poſt,—as innocent as dull:
His head un-us'd, his legs on errands ran,
I ſcorn'd the blockhead, but employ'd the man.

Too late, I wiſh thy dang'rous ſpoils unſought,
And curſe the trophies I ſo dearly bought.
Abaſh'd, appall'd, I kiſs the vengeful rod,
And ſhame no more the enſigns of my God.
Secure from me, be hence thy life approv'd,
Thy talents honour'd, and thy beauty lov'd!
For ſure as malice points at Clara's fame,
So oft will inſult tread on Strato's name.

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The following is a Monkiſh diſtich, found ſomewhere in an old Abbey---tranſlated by Dr. Burton, late head-maſter of Wincheſter College.

DE priore nihil male loqui,
Facere officium taleter, qualitor;
Sine mundum facere ſicut vult,
Nam ſicut mundus vadere vult
Sicut vult vadere——

Tranſlation.

Of thy betters ſay nothing ill,
Do thy duty ſo and ſo;
Let the world go as it will,
For as it will, ſo will it go.

To the memory of Mrs. Deborah Thompſon.

WHOE'ER thou art, by fate or fortune led,
To this ſad ſpot among the virtuous dead:
If e'er by chance, this faithful fair one's grave,
Should an unallow'd, noxious nettle have,
Pluck up the weed—it hath no buſineſs here,
And give the virtuous gone—one virtuous tear.

The

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The MIRACLE: *a true Tale. By* C. DENIS.

A Quarrel once, as ſtory goes,
'Twixt Belzebub and Guilain roſe;
(A devil this, and that a monk,)
Which ſhould poſſeſs a mother punk.
A quarrel, ſay you? That is odd!
There might 'twixt Belzebub and GOD.
St. Anthonies are ſcarce of late,
Who could the tempters lure withſtand?
Such wonders now are out of date,
Devil and monk go hand in hand.
How comes it then, they fall out now?
Mark, and I'll tell you why, and how:
A bawd was giving up the ghoſt,
And as 'tis int'reſt governs moſt;
The devil watch'd for't as his prey,
Soon as it left its filthy clay.
And to make good his lawful claim,
(All proſecutors do the ſame)
Of her black ſins produc'd a roll;
A dreadful, frightful, wicked ſcroll!
How many maidens ſhe trepan'd,
How many widows ſhe had man'd.

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And, ſtill a much more heinous crime,
What children brought before their time.
With other ſins a tedious line,
The leaſt, ſaid he, could ſtamp her mine.
And as I plead not out of ſpite,
The devil e'en ſhould have his right.
To all this charge the monk replies,
She has confeſs'd, ſo if ſhe dies,
E'er ſhe one ſin commits again,
Confeſſion wipes off ev'ry ſtain.
Repentant ſinners are forgiv'n
Their ſtedfaſt hopes reſt ſure in Heav'n.
To what end abſolution then?
And holy water? holy men?
If we can't break the devil's yoke,
Religion would be a mere joke.
When penitents ſhew deep contrition,
'Tis ours to give a full remiſſion.
The thing is ſettled ages paſt,
From Pope the firſt to Pope the laſt.
Wherefore I do avert hell's ſtorm;
She dies a Magdalen in form.
When Belzebub reſum'd again,
I have a prior right 'tis plain.
I'll prove it clear at any ſeſſions:
What ſignify your trite confeſſions?

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Sin and repent, repent and ſin,
That brings your holy comings in.
But I'll not be bamboozled thus,
With all your prieſtcraft, canting, fuſs;
And yet to ſhew an honeſt devil,
Provided ſaints are not uncivil,
I'll wave my right, I'll drop my plea,
And ſhew the ſhorteſt, wiſeſt way.
Let's truſt the iſſue of our cauſe
To the deciſion of two ſtraws;
Or a more faſhionable game,
Let's raffle who ſhall have the dame—
Why don't all clients do the ſame?
'Twould ſave a deal of coſt and pains,
Where oft the winner nothing gains.
Done; ſaid the monk, it is a match,
For ſake of juſtice and diſpatch.
Not that I love of ſelf to boaſt,
But I can dice as well as moſt.
Whether by fortune bleſt or curſt,
'Twas Belzebub's to throw the firſt.
So that if equal numbers came,
The eldeſt hand took up the game.
They fixt it thus t' avoid a pother,
It was as good for one as t' other.
Now Belzebub thrice took the box,
The table had as many knocks.

Whe

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When out the dice triumphant flew,
And ſixes three appear'd to view;
At which the devil grimly ſmil'd,
And cried ſhe's mine—we'll have her broil'd.
Guilain, will you make one at dinner,
Ah! what a tit bit's ſuch a ſinner.
In ſpite of abſolution paſt———
Hold, quoth the monk, not quite ſo faſt:
I am reſolv'd to have my throw,
Whate'er's my luck the world ſhall know.
He ſhook the box—implor'd the Heavens,
And from the box flew out three ſevens!
Three ſevens!—that I muſt ſuſpect——
But what, can't do a ſaint elect?
The bawd—no doubt had gone to hell,
Was it not for this miracle.
Guilian obtain'd it in her favour——
Nought but a miracle could ſave her.
After a life of pious fame,
He ſainted was——and to this day
An abbey bears St. Guilan's name:
To whom, all bawds are bound to pray.
So far our tale—as here 'tis told,
In monkiſh legends is enroll'd.
And at this very time I ween,
A picture in the church is ſeen;

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The limning is of Flemiſh nature,
Drawn from the life in garb and feature.
Done by a pencil free and able,
The box and dice are on the table;
The devil's finely repreſented,
In friar's dreſs the ſaint is painted.
With eyes uplifted—uprais'd hands,
Th' old woman ſnatch'd from ſatan's gap,
Cloſe by her benefactor ſtands——
In patch'd up rags and dirty cap.

Epitaph to the memory of Capt. Thomas Male, who died on the Coaſt of Guinea in 1771, *a gallant Sea Officer, and an honeſt man. By Capt.* E. THOMPSON.

WHether ſailor or not—for a moment avaſt!
Poor Tom's *mizen topſail* is laid to the maſt.
He'll never turn out, or again heave the lead,
He his now *all aback*---nor will *ſails ſhoot a-head*:
He always was briſk---and though now gone to wreck,
When he hears the laſt whiſtle---he'll jump upon deck.

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To the Right Rev. the Biſhop of Litchfield and Coventry, Preceptor to the Prince of Wales and Biſhop of Oſnaburg.

SONNET *by the Author of* CARACTACUS.

(*Accompanying that Poem.*)

STILL let my Hurd a ſmile of candour lend
To ſcenes, that dar'd on Grecian pinions tow'r,
When, " in low Thurcaſton's ſequeſter'd bow'r,"
He prais'd the ſtrain, becauſe he lov'd the friend.
There golden leiſure did his ſteps attend,
Nor had the rare, yet well-weigh'd, call of power,
To thoſe high cares decreed his watchful hour,
On which fair Albion's future hopes depend.
A fate unlook'd-for waits my friend and me;
He pays to duty what was learning's claim,
Reſigning claſſic eaſe---for dignity;
I yield my muſe to faſhion's praiſe, or blame:
Yet ſtill our hearts in this great truth agree,
That peace alone is bliſs!---and virtue, fame!

Aſton, Nov. 12, 1776. W. MASON.

Epi-

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Epitaph to the memory of Mr. Charles Denis---author of a Volume of Fables, and many ingenious tranſlations of Fontain---By Capt. E. THOMPSON, *June* 1772.

BEneath this ſtone Charles Denis lies,
Laſtingly merry, early wiſe:
That none, excepting they were told,
Ever diſcover'd he was old.
His fame a monument ſhall be,
That ages hence, as well as we,
Shall join with pleaſure in the ſtrain,
And boaſt of England's ſweet Fontaine.
Shall join with me---that one, we had
Both good and wiſe---'mongſt numbers bad.

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To LESBIA. Imitated from ROSSEAU.

By Mr. C. DENIS.

WHAT! turn'd of fifty, and endeavour
To gain a youth ſo ſweet, ſo clever!
Think, Leſbia, of your white-brown hairs,
And how your beauty wants repairs.
Some ſtout Hibernian ſtrive t'engage,
He may to ſatisfaction prove,
But this young bird's not for your cage,
When turn'd of fifty, farewell love.

Would it not be much fitter, pray,
T' employ yourſelf at pray'rs—or play?
You was, 'tis own'd, when in your prime,
The very Venus of your time.
Loves, ſmiles, and graces, all were yours,
But they've been long upon the move,
'Tis who ſhall get firſt out of doors—
When turn'd of fifty, farewell love.

The

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The wife of Proetus, thus we find,
Much of your age, like you inclin'd,
Once took it in her wanton head,
T' entice Bellerophon to bed;
But he, like Joſeph, chaſte and wiſe,
Refus'd the boon for which ſhe ſtrove,
And ſaid, in ſhort, without diſguiſe,
When turn'd of fifty, farewell love.

Ye tender hearted ancient dames,
Subjected ſtill to Cupid's flames,
Would you vamp up a face grown old,
Blaze it, inſtead of paint, with gold,
That may ſome needy ſpark attract,
Who'll ſwear his paſſion ne'er ſhall rove,
But all in vain: you'll find in fact,
When turn'd of fifty, farewell love.

An Impromptu. Walking by Moonlight.

HAIL! ſilver moon—whoſe chearful radiance warms
The lover's breaſt to ſeek his Chloe's arms:
Who, by thy light each other's vows exchange,
And ſeal thoſe vows—while pleas'd by thee they range.

E. T.

To

To the memory of the celebrated Henry Fielding, who is interred without a monumental ſtone in the Factory burial ground at Liſbon, round which is planted many Cypreſs Trees. By Capt. E. THOMPSON.

WHILE pompous monuments adorn theſe tombs,
And every ſtone an Epitaph aſſumes;
To tell the Pedigree of fool and ſot.
From whom deſcended---and by whom begot,
Yet all theſe plodding dunces can refuſe
A Stone---and Epitaph---to thy ſweet muſe!
There needs no marble o'er ſuch ſacred bones,
To tell the fame of *Fielding* and *Tom Jones*;
For what theſe fools refus'd---kind Nature gave:
A grove of cypreſs to adorn thy grave.

FINIS.

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ERRATA:

page 5, for *her* tide, read *his*
13, for *finche*, read *fiſhe*
112, for *Vetus's*, read *Vitus's*
117, for *death*, read *dearth*
135, for *adda*, read *adds*
165, for *chee*, read *chear*
182, for *diſcertion*, read *diſcretion*
198, for written and tranſlated *by*, read *to*
215, for *jacet*, read *jacent*

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